

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

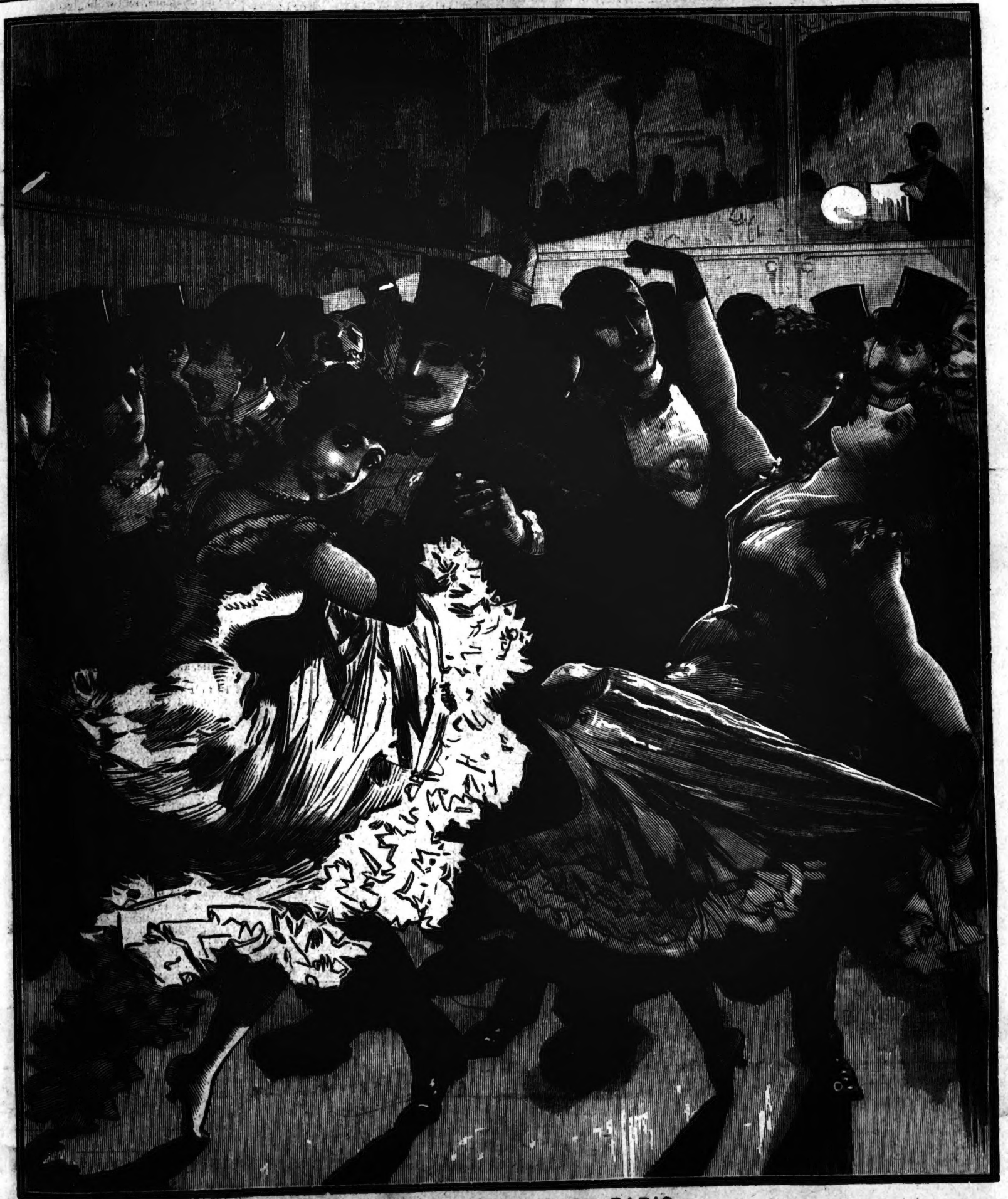
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A STUDENTS' BALL IN PARIS.

An Innovation which was Dazzling to the Spectators and Entrancing to the Participants.

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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THE ALBION PUBLISHING
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

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One inch, per insertion 10s. 6d.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- T. B. (Aldershot).—Have forwarded what you desired.
R. (Homerton).—Thanks for contribution.
R. (Bury).—The readers of THE MIRROR OF LIFE would hardly care to read report of a circus.
W. (Nottingham).—Portrait is very defective. Would much prefer one of yourself.
H. E. C. (Birmingham).—Will respond to your communication later on.
READER.—A letter addressed to W. A. Brady, care of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, will be delivered.
J. Q. (Manchester).—Portrait will appear later.
W. N. (Belfast).—If you experience any difficulty in obtaining THE MIRROR OF LIFE regularly, send us your subscription, and the paper will reach you first post every Wednesday morning.
EXETER.—(Sunderland).—Hoffman, High Street, Sunderland, sells our paper to dealers in your district.
L. H. (Plymouth).—John L. Sullivan will not fight again. He is exhibiting in the United States, but we understand this season, will be his last as an actor.
S. W. (Morecambe).—Joe Harris is making a book on the races in partnership with A. Levinson.

By mid-summer the interest in pugilism will be far greater in this country than it has been for many years. James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson will both be here exhibiting—the former in the piece called "Gentleman Jack," and the latter in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and the talk of their proposed battle will be the sensation of the day. The third deposit of 2,000dols. a-side was posted in Chicago March 28, and another instalment falls due in May. Just where they will settle their differences is a difficult matter to say, but indications do point towards their coming together at the National Sporting Club. Manager John Fleming is working in a most assiduous manner to not only secure the guarantee of sufficient money to offer as a purse, but to obtain the consent of the contracting parties. To create a boom in fighting in this country the match should be brought to an issue at the National Sporting Club. The public know that only honest matches are countenanced at that institution, and any announcement to the effect that the club would present the battle as an opening fixture next fall would at once command the confidence of the English people, and the greatest heavy-weight championship fight ever decided would be the result.

Both pugilists are managed by shrewd men, who realise that a desperate contest for supremacy will be the order of the day when Corbett and Jackson meet, consequently they ask for an exorbitant purse. Manager Brady, in his interview with Mr. Fleming, stated that it would be necessary to supply a twenty-four-foot ring, and that the Marquis of Queensberry Rules should govern the match.

Both these obstacles can readily be overcome, so admits Mr. Fleming, who is prepared to make any concession within reason to either party for the sake of conducting the contest for the edification of the members of the club which he manages.

Mr. Brady is a clever manager and a "hustler" from way back, and is keen enough to know that soon as a place of contest is agreed upon, if six months hence, will mean for him an increased interest in Champion Corbett in the interim on the part of the masses, who will flock to where he is exhibiting in order to judge the class of man the black is to meet.

WHEN Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," one of the most effective works ever produced, she had in mind an old decrepit slave put forward as Uncle Tom. The story was dramatised, and run successfully for years in the United States. It would be necessary for a human being to possess extraordinary will power to refrain from shedding tears during the production of the affecting scenes. The only character in the play that displayed a sense of brutality was the slave-driver, who was ever ready to lay on the lash upon the slightest provocation. Imagine a Hercules like Peter Jackson portraying the part of the old decrepit nigger, and instead of pleading on his bended knee for mercy, walking up to the slave-driver and planting his "auctioneer" on the jaw!

It is indeed a novelty, and such a bold stroke that we have no doubt but that the people will attend Peter's innovation of the decrepit black, just out of curiosity. It was quite the style to do so in the States, why shouldn't we follow suit?

SCOTT, otherwise Edward Sweeney, the missing link of the Ardlamont mystery, surrendered himself at Scotland Yard, April 4, and he was politely informed that he was no longer an individual whose company the police sought. When the Monson trial was in progress, Scott was a much wanted man, and the manner in which he eluded the police and everyone else gained for him notoriety. The police would have welcomed him then, but they don't want him now. When they would have arrested him he would not be arrested, now he would be arrested, and the police won't have him.

BETWEEN the grievances of the Indians and cowboys at Oklahoma, the liquor riots in South Carolina, and the labour riots in Pennsylvania, the United States must be an interesting place for a peaceful stranger to go. So long as there are cowboys in the States there will be plenty of pistol practice, and from time to time episodes of an extraordinary character will be reported from the Wild West, where lawlessness is expected to reign supreme; but in civilised communities like South Carolina and Pennsylvania we hardly expect to hear of people being slaughtered like dogs. It is said a quietus has been put on the liquor trouble, a repetition of which could be averted by judicious legislation. The labour riots, however, will continue to crop out so long as the monopolists rule the unfortunate working man with such an iron hand. H. C. Frick appears to be particularly obnoxious to the down-trodden workmen. He was managing partner of Carnegie's works at Homestead, when Pinkerton's men shot down the strikers, and now over 8,000 lawless strikers are killing off the non-union element at Frick's Coke Works in Fayette county.

A little arbitration would no doubt bring the whole matter to an amicable settlement, but both sides are obstinate, and declare "war to the knife."

ARTHUR WILLIAM WICKS, of lady barber fame, but no relation to Teddy, will have ample time to reflect on the errors of the past, because for the next six months he will be given free board with plenty of hard labour, having received a sentence for that term of imprisonment on April 5 for obtaining money by false pretences.

FOR obtaining money under the pretence of fitting young ladies for the stage, and securing for them profitable engagements, George Edward Bishop is doomed to spend the next twelve months in gaol at hard labour.

THE tipsters fared badly last week, and have very little to boast about. Had they perused the predictions of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and profited by them, their clients would have been considerably better off to-day. Our Turf Notes quoted La Sagessse for Tuesday, and it was a winner; Paddy was the Wednesday choice and it was only deprived of premier honours by a short head. Thursday's suggestion was Mook Orange, who came in the first three, whilst on Friday Convent was placed third, and Kilsallaghan carried off the "plum."

We have no desire to class THE MIRROR OF LIFE as a champion tipster, but will, during the season, endeavour to keep our readers well posted on the movements of the different stables, and suggest horses which should win on form, which is the best line to go by.

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and THE MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

MRS. GORDON BAILLIE

In Crofter's Costume.



ANNIE FROST, otherwise known as Mrs. Gordon Baillie, again figured in the dock of the Marylebone Court, April 2, to further answer two charges. (1) of having stolen eight pictures belonging to William Joyner, a picture dealer, of Old Broad Street; and (2) of having obtained by a false pretence twenty-five books, a picture, a silver pyx, a gold chain, a gold and silver crucifix, and a set of oil sticks from Messrs. Burns and Oates, Orchard Street, Portman Square. On hearing the evidence relating to the second charge, Mr. Plowden said it seemed to him that this was an ordinary credit transaction, and he therefore discharged prisoner. She would, however, take her trial upon the first charge. Bail was refused, the magistrate saying he could not shut his eyes to the prisoner's antecedents.

Mrs. Gordon Baillie became the object of considerable controversy in 1888, which gave her a position in the front ranks as an adventuress. If half of what was written about her at that time was true, she is, indeed, an extraordinary woman. In 1888 the crofters of Scotland were agitating for an amelioration of their grievances.

Mrs. Gordon Baillie (whose portrait we give in the Crofter costume) became the head and front of the agitation, and although many persons protested against the means taken to work out the desired end, not a few commended the lady for her courageous advocacy. Her ardent, determined, and indomitable nature was shown by her renting a shooting estate in Scotland, and indulging her sporting proclivities to their fullest bent. Mrs. Gordon Baillie, after her trial and conviction, retired into an unwilling privacy, from which, after a lapse of years, she has now returned to once more figure in the police-court.

ONE SOCK SERVED BOTH FEET.

An Episode at Greenwich Park that Amused Passers-by.

(Subject of Illustration.)

RATHER an amusing scene occurred the other day at Greenwich Park, close to the Blackheath gates. A dilapidated specimen of humanity was seen to enter the park from the Heath, and shambling down the path to a bench he sat down; removing his shoes, it was readily to be seen that the vagabond possessed but one sock. This he removed from the right foot and placed it upon his left. He again put on his shoes, and walked off with a contented mien, although he had just made a lucky strike of something unusual.

NIGHT SCENES IN PICCADILLY.

How the Sirens and the Fast Young Men Turn Night into Day.

(Subject of Illustration.)

STAND in Piccadilly Circus after midnight, and you will catch a glimpse of those who devote their energies to leading a rapid existence. With a hailing distance of that spot you will find resorts commonly termed clubs, where only members are supposed to be allowed admission; but once in the know you can gain entrance to any or all of them, and witness the orgies of the frequenters of those places. The respectable public, which are licensed to do business, are only interesting at closing-up time, then you will perceive males and females flock in and rush for the last drink before the key is turned in the door.

Close by there is an all-night stall which is largely patronised by the sirens who depend on "a new husband every night" for an existence, and will only devour the stuff when their business is dull. Walk in that vicinity, and you are sure to be accosted by dozens of loose women of all nationalities; the French virago usually outstrips the others, for reasons best known to those who have obtained the experience, and she is therefore a bane to the existence of the English fairy. Occasionally a fight will be the result of the bitter feeling, and once England and France go at each other, you will have the pleasure of witnessing as clever a hair-pulling and scratching match as one could desire to look at. The French fairy is invariably the first to cry quite, and then matters go along quietly for a time. Going for a stroll will be seen the gay young man who is out looking for a mug whom he can show about and invite him to spend money. You may talk about "After the Ball" being the time to watch the swell element enter cabs to journey home, but have a good look at those moving about, and you are pretty certain to gaze upon some fairy being escorted to Vine Street by a pair of "Bobbies." She may have got her brains tangled up in a high kicking match, or possibly she has taken a drop too much, and has shown battle when being ejected from some resort. For high life the West-End, in the small hours of the morning, is the spot, and hardly a stranger visits the great Metropolis that fails to avail himself of the sights of that quarter.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

Prominent Leicester Sportsman who Backs Sprinters.

(With Portrait.)

TOM WRIGHT, well-known publican and sportsman of Leicester, was the backer of Steve Farrell, the sprinter, who has won two £100 handicaps. Being but thirty years of age he commands a premier position as a sportsman in his section. In his early days he took to bicycle riding, and won numerous races as an amateur, besides being identified with the Americans who rode in this kingdom.

He displayed a weakness for sprinters from the States, and has furnished backing for Dan Budd, Mike Donlan, and Steve Farrell. The last-named has been his favourite, and in the recent handicap at Manchester he backed Farrell down to odds of 10 to 1 on. He keeps well posted on running, and is always prepared to stand behind anyone who possesses ability. Mr. Wright doesn't confine his attentions to sprinting, but is ever ready to contribute towards advancing any branch of sporting. His hotel, the White Swan, in Leicester, is the rendezvous for sportsmen and athletes of that section.

DICK TASKER.

An Australian Light at Manchester.

(With Portrait.)

DICK TASKER, light-weight pugilist, recently arrived at Manchester, was born at Queensland, in the colonies of Australasia, twenty-six years ago; stands 5ft 6in, and scales at 9st 7lb in fighting gear.

Tasker's achievements in the ring are as follows:—Received £10 forfeit from George Powell in a match for £50 a side; beat Joe Finney, at Melbourne, in five rounds for a purse; beat Charley Gordon in three rounds at Brisbane; a nine-round draw with Tom Tracey at Crystal Palace, Melbourne, for £75; beaten by Tom Lane, a middle-weight, with bare knuckles, in seventeen rounds, near Golborne; beat Fred O'Neill in five rounds at Sydney; draw of ten rounds with Tom Vipond, at Pentland, Queensland; beat Frank Johnson in twenty minutes, near Melbourne, for £10.

Tasker arrived in this country recently, and is at present stopping at Manchester. He is prepared to take on any man in England at even weight for a suitable purse.

ASKEW father: "How was it, young man, that I saw you kissing my daughter in the hall last night?"

Young man: "I suppose, sir, because you happened to be there just at the right time."

THE FANCY.

Curious Remarks on the Origin, Rise, and Progress of Pugilism in England.

(A.D. 1823.)

Free was so enraptured with the elegance of the audience, and not wishing to let so good an opportunity slip, instantly mounted the stage and addressed the spectators, nearly to the following purport:—"Gentle men, perhaps as how you may think that I have picked out the best man in London to beat this here foreigner; but if you will come here this day so-nigh, I'll produce a man that shall beat Bob Whitaker, by fair hitting, in ten minutes." It had the desired effect, by the company proving as great and as fine as the week before, and who came to see whether Figg was not trifling with them; it being considered a difficult task to beat such a bottom man as Whitaker in so short a space of time. On the day appointed the amphitheatre, as before, was crowded at an early hour, and poor Whitaker's laurels were doomed to be but of short duration. Nat Peartree was the man looked out to deprive him of his honours; and had he not lost a finger in a desperate conflict, it was supposed that Peartree was a match for any of the pugilists. He was famous for fighting at the face, and putting in his blows with great strength; yet felt doubtful in being able to defeat Whitaker by force, as the latter had proved himself upon many occasions a most enormous glutton, and therefore cunningly determined to fight at his eyes. The event proved Peartree's judgment to be correct, for in about six minutes he had directed his arms so well, that Whitaker was shut out from daylight, by both his eyes being closed up. In this distressed condition he became an object of pity, by being completely at the mercy of his antagonist, when poking about awhile for his man and finding him not, he wisely gave in, with these odd words:—"Damme, I am not beat, but what signifies when I cannot see my man."

The time was at length arrived at, when Figg, notwithstanding his celebrated parryings and severe thrusts, was doomed to meet with a superior antagonist—and death gave him his knock-down blow in 1740.

About this year, public challenges of the pugilists were advertised; and at the various fairs handbills were distributed of their feats to be displayed; and, endeavouring to make as complete a book of reference as possible, we are induced to insert the following specimens:—

FIGG'S GREAT TIL'D BOOTH,
On the Bowling Green, Southwark,
During the time of the Fair
(which begins on Saturday, the 18th of September).

The Town will be entertained with the
Manly Arts of
Foil-Play, Back-Sword, Cudgelling, and
Boxing.

In which
The noted Parks, from Coventry, and the
celebrated Gentleman Prize-fighter, Mr.
Miller, will display their skill in a tilting-
bout, showing the advantages of Time and
Measure:

Also
Mr. Johnson, the great Swordsman, superior
to any man in the World for his unrivalled
display of the hanging-guard, in a
grand attack of Self-Defence, against
the all-powerful arm of the renowned
Sutton.

Delforce, the finished Cudgeller, will
likewise exhibit his uncommon feats with
the single-stick; and who challenges any
man in the kingdom to enter the lists with
him for a broken head or a bellyful!

Buckhorse and several other pugilists
will shew the art of
BOXING.

To conclude
with a grand parade by the valiant Figg,
who will exhibit his knowledge in various
combats—with the Foil, Back-Sword,
Cudgel, and Fist.

To begin each day at Twelve o'clock and
close at Ten.

VIVAT REX.
N.B.—The Booth is fitted up in a most
commodious manner for the better recep-
tion of Gentlemen, &c., &c.

"Daily Advertiser, April 26, 1742.
"At the Great Booth, Tottenham Court,
on Wednesday next, the 28th inst., will be
a trial of manhood between the two follow-
ing champions:

"Whereas I, William Willis, commonly
known by the name of the fighting Quaker,
have fought Mr. Smallwood about twelve
months since, and held him the tightest to
it, and bruised and battered him more
than any one he ever encountered, though
I had the ill-fortune to be beat by an
accidental fall; the said Smallwood,
flushed with the success blind Fortune
then gave him, and the weak attempts of
a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have
of late fought him for a minute or two,
makes him think himself unconquerable;
to convince him of the falsity of which,
I invite him to fight me for one hundred
pounds, at the time and place above-
mentioned, when I doubt not but I shall

prove the truth of what I have asserted,
by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-
buttocks.

"WILLIAM WILLIS."

"I, Thomas Smallwood, known from my
intrepid manhood and bravery on and off
the stage, accept the challenge of this
puffing Quaker, and will show him that he
is led by a false spirit, that means him no
other good than that he should be chast-
ised for offering to take upon him the arm
of the flesh.

"THOMAS SMALLWOOD."

"Note.—The doors will be opened at ten
and the combatants at twelve.

"There will be several by-battles, as
usual, and particularly one between John
Divine and John Tipping, for five pounds
each."

In this second trial of skill between
Smallwood and Willis, the superiority of
the former was again manifested, and the
fighting Quaker retired with a broken
spirit, and was shown up as a complete
Ranter! Smallwood beat him easy, not-
withstanding his terrible threats of "Pegs,
darts, hard blows, and cross-buttocks."

The calls of honour, it appears, were
numerous to be settled, and little time was
suffered to intervene from the following
public notice:

"May 24, 1742, at George Taylor's
Booth, Tottenham Court Road.—There
will be a trial of manhood to-morrow
between the following champions, viz.:—
Whereas I, John Francis, commonly
known by the name of the Jumping
Soldier, who have always had the reputa-
tion of a good fellow, and have fought
several bruisers in the street, &c. Nor am
I ashamed to mount the stage when my
manhood is called in question by an Irish
braggadocio, whom I fought some time
ago in a bye-battle for twelve minutes, and
though I had not the success due to my
courage and ability in the art of boxing, I
now invite him to fight me for two guineas
at the time and place above-mentioned,
where I doubt not I shall give him the
truth of a good beating.

"JOHN FRANCIS."

"I, Patrick Henley, known to everyone
for the truth of a good fellow, who never
refused anyone on or off the stage, and
fight as often for the diversion of gentlemen
as money, do accept the challenge of this
Jumping Jack; and shall, if he don't take
care, give him one of my mothing blows,
which will convince him of his ignorance in
the art of boxing.

"PATRICK HENLEY."

Paddy kept his promise, for he so
bothered the gig of the jumping soldier
that he was not able to move, much more
jump, for some time; Paddy gave him a
Tipperary fling, which so completely shook
all his recollection out of him, that he
never troubled the town afterwards with
any more of his epistolary challenges!

About this time it was hinted to Broughton
by the sporting world that a more
eligible place was necessary than Taylor's
Booth for their accommodation, and that
if Broughton would undertake the manage-
ment of such a house, a subscription would
be entered into to defray the expense of the
same by the nobility and gentry. Under
the cognisance of so respectable a firm,
a building was soon erected, denominated
Broughton's New Amphitheatre, every way
convenient and fit for the purpose, in what
is now called Hanway Street, Oxford
Street. In its interior appearance it was
somewhat similar to Astley's Riding
School, with boxes, pit, and gallery, and a
commodious stage for the combatants, and
which was opened on March 10, 1743, with
the following public notice:—

**AT BROUGHTON'S
NEW AMPHITHEATRE,
OXFORD ROAD,**

The back of the late Mr. Figg's.
On **TUESDAY** next, the 13th inst.,
Will be Exhibited

THE TRUE ART OF BOXING

By the eight famed following men, viz.:—
Abraham Evans—Roger; Sweep—Allen;
Belas—Robert Spikes; Glover—Harry
Gray, the Clogmaker.

The above eight men are to be brought
on the stage, and to be matched according
to the approbation of the gentlemen who
shall be pleased to honour them with their
company.

N.B.—There will be a battle Royal
between the noted Buckhorse and seven or
eight more; after which there will be
several by-battles by others. Gentlemen
are, therefore, desired to come by times.
The doors will open at nine; the cham-
pions mount at eleven; and no person is
to pay more than a shilling.

If it should appear that the mind is de-
based from witnessing such displays; if
the customs and manners of society were
infringed upon by such exhibitions; and
if the feelings of men were so blunted for
these specimens of hardihood and valour
as to prevent them from fulfilling those
public situations in life which many are
called upon to perform with fidelity, jus-
tice, and reputation—then would pugilism
be a disgrace to that country where it is
permitted, and boxers rendered obnoxious
to society.

However, in point of argument and fact,
it has perhaps become necessary to enquire,
how far, in patronising pugilism, the
effects of which manly art have operated
upon those minds, so as to reduce their con-

sequence in the estimation of their friends,
or injure their public character with society
in general, have taken place?

It is an incontrovertible fact that
one of the most celebrated and exalted
civil characters in the nation, whose
patriotic attention toward the preservation
and due administration of the laws; whose
firmness in supporting, upon all occasions,
the liberty of the subject; whose dignity
and consistency of conduct in representing
the first city in the world in parliament,
also in fulfilling one of the most
important official situations, the Lord
Mayor of London, that upon his retiring
from that most arduous and honourable
situation—(a situation rendered difficult
and of imminent peril from the badness
of the times and scarcity of provisions)—
which he filled with so much
humanity toward the consideration of the
people, and so perfectly constitutional in
its practice, adding stability to the civil
power, and reflecting lustre upon the pro-
tection of the laws. It is upon record no
individual ever received more public
thanks. His patriotic conduct was not
only admired throughout England, but on
being presented to the First Consul, Bona-
parte, at Paris, his fame had so far run
before him that he was complimented by
that celebrated character in the following
words:—"That while the civil power
was strong enough, never to call
in the aid of the military!" It
appears, then, that the name of Harvey
Christian Coombe never suffered the
slightest tarnish from his patronage of the
old English custom of boxing in the early
part of his life, but through a long and dis-
tinguished career portrayed such fortitude
of disposition, and proved his pretensions
so clear to the character of a real
Englishman, an honest citizen, and an in-
dependent senator, that, on October 12,
1812, Alderman Coombe was placed at the
head of the poll by the voices of 5,125 in-
dependent liveries, creating a majority of
548 votes over the highest ministerial can-
didate. He was also returned the fourth
time as member for the City of London, for
his past services, and as a conspicuous and
interesting ornament to the nation.

(To be continued.)

BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT IN AMERICA.

Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge
Sued by Miss Madeline V. Pollard for
50,000 dols. Damages.

(With Portraits.)

THE breach of promise suit brought by
Miss Madeline Valeria Pollard against
Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge at
Washington, D.C., U.S.A., for 50,000 dols.
damages has created quite a sensation in
the States. Miss Pollard tells the follow-
ing story:—

"With this man alone have I ever been
guilty of a single impure thought or act.
The miserable reward of my fidelity is a
sermon in itself to show how low the
highest devotion the human soul is capable
of may fall.

"On April 1, 1884, I was a student at the
Wesleyan Female Seminary in the city of
Cincinnati, O., and was required to leave
there and make a trip to Frankfort, Ky.,
to the house of my aunt, where my mother,
sister, and brother lived, because of the
serious illness and approaching death of
my sister. At Lexington, Ky., I was obliged
to change cars, and shortly after entering
the car, Colonel Breckinridge left his seat
and approached me, saying, 'Your face is
very familiar; don't I know you?' I
arose, and replied to him while standing,
'No, I think you do not; I know that you
are Colonel Breckinridge.' He then asked
me questions about my family, and stated
that he knew our people, and asked if he
could call to see me while in Frankfort.

I told him why I was returning to Frank-
fort, and stated that my mother, my aunt,
and myself would be pleased to have him
call to see us. I knew of Colonel Breckin-
ridge as an ex-Confederate soldier, a
lawyer, and an orator, holding a some-
what distinguished position in the State of
Kentucky.

"Colonel Breckinridge was then forty-
seven years of age and gray haired. I was
seventeen years and four months, and
very immature for that age. I did not
consider that there was any impropriety,
under the circumstances, in a man of
Colonel Breckinridge's age and position
thus speaking to a young schoolgirl.

"He had succeeded in fascinating me so
that I believed in his assurance that I had
nothing to fear from him."

She then says that he inveigled her to an
assignment house on near George Street,
in Cincinnati, but she refused to go to an
upper room with him. He then took her
away. She then says:—

"Colonel Breckinridge next sent a false
telegram to me to which he signed my
mother's name, summoning me home to
Frankfort, and that afternoon I left on the
train with him.

"We arrived in Lexington Saturday
evening, and he took me in the street car
up Limestone Street to Barr Street, where
we crossed Short Street to a little frame
cottage, where he said a friend of his
lived, and suggested that it was better I

should stay there than at an hotel, because
I was a girl and alone. No one answering
his knock he told me to wait until he
hurried to his own home, which was about
three blocks distant, which he did, return-
ing almost immediately. Almost imme-
diately after his return a mulatto woman
came and opened the door, and admitted
us and prepared supper for us. This house
I afterwards knew to be an assignment
house. He then resumed his course of
conduct toward me, and being controlled
by his fascination and now overcome with
his persistence, he accomplished my seduc-
tion and ruin."

She then continues:—"The same week
Colonel Breckinridge came again to Cincin-
nati, and, having accomplished my ruin,
took me to the George Street house, where
he had formerly taken me, and while there
repeated his course of conduct and also
urged me to go to Lexington to the Sayre
Institute to school. He came again on
August 17 and pursued the same course of
conduct with me, and as a result of this
course of conduct by him I became preg-
nant. Under the assumed name of Louise
Wilson I was delivered of a female child
by Colonel Breckinridge, May 29, 1885, at
the Foundling Asylum at Norwood, out of
Cincinnati. He promised me then solemnly
that, if he were ever free to do so, he would
marry me and give me his name and pro-
tection."

Twice afterwards, Miss Pollard says, she
was pregnant by the Congressman. She
further says:

"Subsequently, through the aid of
Colonel Breckinridge, I secured a position
in the Government service in the city of
Washington. Afterwards and on the 14th
of July, 1892, Colonel Breckinridge's wife
died. My only explanation for maintain-
ing for eight years my guilty relations
with Colonel Breckinridge was our mutual
devotion; for, though I had reason to sus-
pect his conduct otherwise, his daily and
hourly devotion to me and his considera-
tion for me never flagged until this spring
of 1893. We were in daily communication
wherever we were during all this time. I
had several times wished to leave him, not
because I had ceased to love him, but be-
cause I wished to end a life of deception;
but he always overcame my desire by his
protestation of affection and his begging
me not to leave him."

A year ago Miss Pollard discovered that
she was again pregnant by Colonel Breckin-
ridge, and in the presence of Doctor
N. S. Lincoln and Major W. G. Moore,
Superintendent of Police, both of Wash-
ington, Colonel Breckinridge declared his
purpose to make Miss Pollard his wife.
This both Doctor Lincoln and Major
Moore have testified to in the trial now in
progress. Miss Pollard says that in conse-
quence of nervousness and unrest she suf-
fered a miscarriage. A denial by Colonel
Breckinridge of his reported engagement
of marriage to Miss Pollard prompted her,
she says, to bring the suit now in progress.

Colonel Breckinridge has a family of
grown-up children, three girls and two
boys, one a lawyer aiding in the defence of
his father. The other, named for his
grandfather, Robert J. Breckinridge, is of
a wild disposition. Just before the break-
ing out of the Breckinridge-Pollard scandal
Bob got on a spree and had several fights.
Colonel Breckinridge telegraphed from
Washington to put him in gaol and keep
him there until he returned, which instruc-
tions were followed. It was decided to
send Bob on a sea voyage, and just as he
was boarding a vessel he read an account
of his father's doings with Miss Pollard,
and wired his brother: "Put the old man
in gaol and keep him until I return, three
years hence."

THE DARK SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

Tap Rooms that Thrive off the Poor,
Liquor that is Slow Death.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"On the east side in New York City
most any night a traveller is afforded an
opportunity of seeing the dark side of life,"
writes a correspondent, and few, if any,
of the inhabitants of that quarter are of
the temperance persuasion. The people
are huddled together in filthy state of
existence. So long as they can keep the
pitcher full of beer, or the bottle with a
drop of whisky in it, they are content.
Bar rooms in that section, though of a
degraded description, do a thriving busi-
ness by peddling out some of the vilest
decoctions imaginable. They are forced to
close the doors when the clock in the steeple
strikes twelve at midnight, and it is well
worth one's while to pay one of the places in
that section a visit just before closing time.
People flock in and up to the last stroke of
the clock, the barmen are kept busy dealing
out whisky to one or a gallon of beer to
another. Those who were in the place for
an hour or two consuming their load are
usually in a drunken and besotted con-
dition, and fights are not out of the ordinary
routine of business. Black and white,
male and female, and young and old, as-
semble there nightly to acquire as much of
the poisonous compound as their purses
will permit their purchasing.



RAFFLE FOR A SQUAW.

An Incident of Life in the Western Part of the United States.



LIQUOR RIOTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Police Resort to the Use of Firearms for Self-protection.



PAID THE PENALTY WITH HIS LIFE.

A Hotel-keeper Holding an Englishman for Ransom is Caught, Dragged up a Mountain-side, and Shot.



INDIANS AND COWBOYS.

A Fight in the Indian Territory, which Terminated Fatally to a Dozen Participants.

HONEST SPORTS.



ARTHUR A. ZIMMERMAN, champion amateur bicyclist of the world, will be a fellow-passenger with James J. Corbett, the champion pugilist, on *The First Bismarck*, which sails from New York City April 12. He comes to this country for the purpose of turning professional, and arranging a match with our best professional rider for £1,000 a-side. During his stay he will make headquarters at Paris, being under contract to M. William Baduel, the director of the Seine and Buffalo tracks, whereby Zim is exclusively engaged to ride on these two tracks, as well as on several other provincial paths, to be selected by the director in question. On the 30th of April the American arrives at Havre, and will immediately proceed to Paris, where he goes into training. M. Baduel will then issue a challenge for the amateur champion to race anybody in the world for £1,000 a-side, the money being already deposited with the Union Vélocipédique de France (French N.C.U.). After he has raced on the Seine and Buffalo tracks he will do likewise at Bordeaux, Lille, Lyons, Brussels, Antwerp, and Blankenberghe. He may possibly be taken on to Italy, where he will meet the best of the Italian riders.

CHARLEY TERRONT'S Rome-Paris ride is fixed to start on or about April 25 from Rome. A part of the route is already mapped out as follows:—Rome, Viterbo, Sienna, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Parma, Milan, Tortona, Alessandria, Asti, and Turin. From there to Mount Cenis and Chambéry, and then to Lyons and Paris. He will be accompanied by H. O. Duncan, Pierre Lafitte, A. C. Edwards, and Meyer.

At Paris, on the 29th inst., the "Seine" track has its first 1894 meeting. The attraction that day is an International Challenge Cup, which must be won twice in succession. With this cup is given a heavy money prize. The cabins at both tracks are letting freely, in spite of the prohibitive price they are let at, viz., for one man, £8 yearly; for two together, £10 yearly.

SOME superb pigeon shooting was witnessed recently at Bergen Point, New Jersey, U.S.A., the occasion being a team match, Fred Hoey and L. S. Thompson, of New York, meeting Charles Macalaster, of Philadelphia, and George Work, of New York City. The race was at 100 birds each, 30 yards rise, and 21 yards boundary. The birds were in the main good ones. Of course there were duffers, but now and then an amazing fellow got his freedom, and gave the gun a race for his life. They were nearly all dark-coloured, and as the morning was gray, and the background was water, they were none too easy to kill. Hoey and Thompson won by a score of 176 kills to 170. Thompson and Work both "grassed" 91 birds, each within the boundary line.

MR. GREENHALGH'S horse, Roy Neil, favourite for the Cesarewitch in 1892, dropped dead at exercise, April 4.

At the Sagnorlane Grounds, Henslet, the other day, H. Hemingway, better known as "Speck," succeeded in walking a mile, carrying a 115lb dumb-bell, in 13min 23 3-5th sec.

A HALF-MILE handicap was run at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, March 31, for £13 10s. in prizes. R. Anderson, 35 yards start, secured first prize in 1min 56 1-2 sec; J. McKenzie, 55 yards, second; and C. Dickson, 40 yards, third.

STEVE FARRELL, the American sprinter, who won the Manchester Handicap, has injured his left arm so that he will be unable to undertake any training for two months to come. He sails for home on the White Star steamer, *Teutonic*, which leaves Liverpool, April 18.

MR. F. R. TWENLOW, the well-known Staffordshire county cricketer, has inherited the Betty Court estate, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, on the death of his uncle, Mr. T. F. Twenlow, who had been chairman of quarter sessions in his district for a quarter of a century.

FOREIGN entries for this year's Henley Regatta include J. J. Ryan and Joseph Wright, of the Toronto Rowing Club, for the Silver Goblets and Diamond Sculls. Entries for clubs affiliated to The Union des Sociétés Française des Sports Athletiques do not close until June 1.

THE directors of the Army and Navy Co-operative Stores announce a new departure for the forthcoming Derby. For the convenience of members a large tent is to be erected for the Epsom Summer Meeting—June 5, 6, 7, and 8—opposite the grand stand for the supply of luncheons and afternoon teas. The tickets for luncheon each day, inclusive of the wine, will be 8s, if obtained before the commencement of the meeting, and 10s. if purchased upon the ground.

L.A.C. SPRING MEETING.

THE London Athletic Club's Spring Meeting was held at Stamford Bridge, April 7, with appended results:—150 Yards Handicap.—Final heat: A. Ovenden, L.A.C. (1 yard start), 1; H. Baldry, Blackheath H. (8), and L. H. Thornton (6), dead heat for second place; W. Atlee, L.A.C. (1), 4. Won by a foot. Time, 15 1-5 sec.

1,000 Yards Handicap.—C. E. Martineau (58 yards), 1; G. Shaw, L.A.C. (50), 2; E. J. Wilkins, L.A.C. (25), 3. Won by a yard; three yards between second and third. Time, 2min 16 1-5 sec.

Two Miles Handicap.—J. M. Freemantle, Eton College (150 yards), 1; E. E. Gibbs, Ranelagh Harriers (270), 2; H. R. Tracey (220), 3. Won by forty yards; thirty between second and third. Time, 9min 16 2-5 sec.

220 Yards Challenge Cup.—A. Ovenden, 1; E. C. Bredin (holder), 2. Won by a foot. Time, 22 4-5 sec.

Two Miles Steeplechase Challenge Cup.—A. J. Wilkins (holder), 1; C. T. Carter, 0. Carter retired.

600 Yards Challenge Cup.—E. C. Bredin (holder) walked over.

Quarter-Mile Public Schools Challenge Cup.—F. B. Newett Rossall, 1; C. H. Dickenson, Haileybury, 2; C. H. Wilson, Charter-house, 3. Won by four yards. Time, 53 1-5 sec.

ENGLAND V. SCOTLAND—A DRAW.

THE football match between England and Scotland at Glasgow, April 7, drew together an audience of fully 40,000 people, and over £2,000 was taken in at the "gates." The match created no end of excitement, and was brilliantly contested throughout. When the time limit had expired, each team had scored two goals, and a draw was declared. The teams were constituted as follows:—

England: L. H. Gay (Old Brightonians) (goal), Clare (Stoke) and F. R. Pelly (Old Foresters) (backs), Reynolds (Aston Villa), Holt (Everton) and Needham (Sheffield United) (half-backs), Bassett (West Bromwich Albion) and Goodall (J.) (Derby County) (right wing), G. O. Smith (Old Carthusians) (centre), Chadwick (Everton) and Spikesley (Sheffield Wednesday) (left wing) (forward).

Scotland: D. Haddow (Rangers) (goal), D. Sillar (Queen's Park), D. Doyle (Celtic) (capt.) (backs), J. Begbie (Heart of Midlothian), A. McCreadie (Rangers), and D. Mitchell (Rangers) (half-backs), W. Gulliland (Queen's Park) and J. Blessington (Celtic) (right wing), A. McMahon (Celtic) (centre), J. McPherson (Rangers), and W. Lambie (Queen's Park) (left wing) (forwards).

Referee: Mr. J. Reid (Irish Football Association). Linesmen: Mr. R. P. Gregson (Lancashire) and A. Sliman (president Scottish Football Association).

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Caught Hiding Beneath the Bed and Remanded at West London.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A YOUNG woman, who gave the name of Ellen Russell, was charged, before Mr. Rose, at West London, the other day with being a suspected person found in the bedroom of Charles Welsh, of 59, Sulgrave Road, Shepherd's Bush, supposed for the purpose of committing a felony.—The prosecutor said he did not know the prisoner. He saw the prisoner for the first time at the police-station. His wife found her under the bed.—It appeared that on April 2 the wife, who had been out, returned home unexpectedly for something, and noticed a stranger under her bed. She did not raise any alarm, but quietly left the room, locking the door after her. She then fetched a constable, who looked under the bed, and saw the prisoner. On the way to the station the prisoner dropped a key, which the constable found would open the front door.—The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said she was visiting a friend, and entered the house by mistake. Hearing footsteps on the stairs she became frightened, and concealed herself under the bed, hoping to escape unobserved.—Police constable 702 T, who took the prisoner into custody, said she had given a false address.—Mr. Rose decided to remand the prisoner for inquiries.

TURF NOTES.

Gatwick, Pontefract, and Leicester.

The Little Pointers put on Good Things.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

Our Selected.

THE lovers of racing have again the opportunity and choice of ground to do battle on Wednesday, both Gatwick, with its bill of fare, and Pontefract will be visited by the regular turfite; the last-named meeting at which no doubt the Northerners will assemble. Friday and Saturday the two contingents will meet on the fields of Leicester. Still, those who will be unable to follow the meetings will no less be interested in the results, and here, in this column, the verdict may be anticipated by those who care to speculate. I last week promised the final selection for the City and Sub., though the prices are much too short to be accepted about the two favourites, because on Saturday, at the end of the week, four or five were freely befriended, Callistrate jumping into favour at the head of the quotations at slightly over three. Grey Leg's party continues to support him and, with a better start than at Lincoln, expect him to win, but the task will be a record one, if accomplished. In selecting some weeks ago, four to represent me in this race, the betting has followed the choice, and those who had taken the odds at that time have none the worst of it, and can see good hedging. The four selected were Victor Wild, Callistrate, Grey Leg, and Cabin Boy, which I further reduce to a sing vote in favour of

Victor Wild.

Gatwick Spring Meeting on Wednesday, in the Straight Handicap we have Macready, which I cannot trust. The weight now is a welter, and I should look lower down for the winner and select

Tableau Vivant.

The Alexander Handicap will bring out the sprinters for five furlongs, Halma's win on Saturday puts him out of court, but Maltravers may be useful here; Pet of the Fancy can now have a stronger jockey up, which may help him through, but I shall depend on

Portrush.

The Rook Plate.—Many youngsters will come out for their first scramble, and the Senanac colt may be on the premises; his recent form in the Tyre Stakes is the best to follow, and in plumping for one

Amy Roberts.

is most taking. On Thursday, the Albert Handicap, Pensioner is good, but too much weight; Mouton on form can win in this company.

Thesus.

with 6st 4lb, is certainly the gentleman, and whatever beats the Son of Isonomy will win.

Of the twenty-one in the Reigate Welter Irish Car is crushed out. Gay Polly is nicely in, and the six furlongs would just suit such a nice mare; but the stable companion of the first-named will, I think, be the one to meet the judge's eye on this occasion, and

Maramat.

should be the best. In the Worth Stakes,

Assar.

is worth attention, in whose absence Galiana will do battle and should be followed.

Pontefract Meeting, on Wednesday, the Spring Handicap will afford excellent sport. Hedge Chat is well; Con Amore's recent exploit does not point to victory, but the

Tertius Colt.

may beat Spero and the lighter-weighted lot.

The Park Plate, one mile.

Grass Chat.

may be better than Abednego, although Kilmallock has a fair chance. For the Trial Handicap,

Lady Wickham.

And in the Prince of Wales' Stakes

Bardie.

will not have Ella Tweed to stop his way.

The National Hunt Flat Race looks at the mercy of

Cyril II.

and on Thursday, in the Carleton Handicap, the two with best chances are Improver and

Antonio Pierri.

The Castle Plate should fall to

Dilemma.

The Victoria Plate will bring out unknown quantities, but at the weight,

Little's Bude.

should account for it. The Leicester Meeting on Friday, a good field may be expected to turn out for the

Melton Plate, and in mentioning Bengaline and

Medra.

I may have struck the winner. Two-Year-Old Plate

Oxford Belle.

may beat both Pimperhill, and Dream of Gold.

In the Billesden Plate Varangian and The Timman may not be quite up to the mark, and

Clwyd.

Mr. Dobell's representative should be all there.

The Castle Selling Handicap:

Beaz.

has most to fear from Shrove Cake. And on Saturday the Belgrave Welter will afford an excellent race; on appearance everything has a chance—Reliance, a recent winner; Odour, always at work; with Acrobat, one of his own age, well in; but there is still an older one in

Sam Lai.

who, if Day Dawn does not beat him, will win.

The High Peak Plate,

Kilreac.

is best, and, coupled with Collessie, will run for me.

The Wigston Plate may be taken by

Santa Lusa.

or King of Diamonds; and the Mile Plate should be a good thing for

The Timman.

CHALK.

HARD ON THE TRANSGRESSOR.

GEORGE COLLINS, the billiard marker, who was convicted at the Old Bailey for shooting at Frances Eliza Eaton, the barmaid of the Bull's Head, Oxford Street, was brought up last Saturday morning and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

CHARLES ERNEST LINDUS, who was convicted on Friday night of shooting his wife in Old Jewry, came up on Saturday morning for sentence. "Looking at the finding of the jury," said Mr. Justice Kennedy, "it appears to be a case of the most aggravated kind. It is a merciful thing that your life itself has not being forfeited for this attempt to slay your own wife, under circumstances which show forethought and premeditation." Sentence, twelve years' penal servitude.

SEND AT ONCE. SEND AT ONCE.

The Champion's Wires read on

TUESDAY.

MRS. BUTTERWICK and IMPREVU.

MRS. BUTTERWICK and IMPREVU.

WEDNESDAY.

BOAZ and PADDY.

BOAZ and PADDY.

THURSDAY.

FETLAR and FALSE FACE.

FETLAR and FALSE FACE.

FRIDAY.

KILSALLAGHAN & LADY ELLEN II.

KILSALLAGHAN & LADY ELLEN II.

SATURDAY.

HALMA.

More Gems from Nottingham, Gatwick, Pontefract, and Leicester.

Only One Class, Two Horses Daily, NEVER MORE.

C. T. has something very special for Gatwick, and on Friday, at Leicester, the Melton Plate Handicap will be won by his selected, and should not be missed, and he begs to point out to those who require a good reliable correspondent the opportunity that is now offered; for all those who have received his unequalled wires (which have again and again demonstrated his ability) have been loud in their praise of his sound sterling judgment. At present he is the only man who has successfully defied defeat since the opening of the year. His City and Suburban candidates are having a thorough preparation, and he is assured it cannot miss this event. This single selection will be forwarded FREE with first wire to all new clients; or on receipt of address.

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SEEN AND HEARD.



LORD DE CLIFFORD died at Monte Carlo on April 5, after a short illness.

The ex-Queen of the Sandwich Islands is going on tour as a lecturer. Her Majesty Liliuokalani has signed a contract with an enterprising American agent for the purpose.

A VERDICT of wilful murder was returned at Liverpool, April 5, against the man Langford, who stabbed a woman with whom he lived because, as he said, she was unfaithful. Both parties were addicted to drink.

CREMATION does not seem to be making much progress in the United States. It is thirteen years since the first crematory was started at Washington, Pa. Since then ten others have been built. During this time the total number of bodies incinerated has been 2,017, while the number of deaths in the whole country during this period has been about 10,800,000.

WM. TURNER was passing along Clyde Street, Glasgow, at midnight, April 2, when a woman brushed past him crying, "I'll end my days." She scaled a wall and made for the river. Turner seized her, but she struggled and managed to free herself. A moment later Joseph Galloway, who proved to be the woman's husband, also scaled the wall, and seized his wife. While struggling together both rolled into the river and were drowned. Mrs. Galloway had previously cut her throat.

A BRUSSELS telegram states that the King of the Belgians has met with a bicycle accident in the grounds of Laeken Palace. It appears that his Majesty was riding down rather a sharp decline at a rapid rate, and from some cause at present unexplained, he was shot off the machine into a rhododendron bush about five yards distant. This broke the force of his fall, and he escaped with nothing more than a slight shaking. The bicycle was badly smashed. King Leopold is having a tricycle worked by electricity constructed for his personal use.

THE police at Vienna have just succeeded in tracking and arresting a gang of swindlers who have been defrauding the public for several years past. The ringleader is a native of Galicia, named Schapira, who has undergone several terms of imprisonment. The gang has recently been engaged in enticing persons living in Galicia to Rotterdam and various towns in Germany by letters sent from London offering them forged roubles and rouble notes at very low prices. After getting dupes into their clutches, they succeeded in extorting considerable sums of money from them.

THE unique customs connected with hocktide are observed in Hungerford as they were in the days of John o' Gaunt. The most peculiar of them is that carried out by two prominent inhabitants, who with long poles decorated with choice flowers and blue streamers visit each house, and have the privilege of demanding a kiss from the females. April 3 being hocktide day, the custom has been carried out in its entirety. The "tutti" men, as they are called, are Mr. Davidson, M.R.C.V.S., and Mr. W. Alexander, coal merchant.

A PERSON of ladylike address applied at Westminster for a summons for maintenance against her husband, who, she stated, was the son of a well-known clergyman. Applicant was a Cornish woman, the daughter of a barrister. When nineteen she married a London doctor. At his death (which took place within a year or so of the marriage), she was left sole executrix to a large fortune. Her second husband and his relations benefited to a great extent by her wealth, and now they would do nothing for her. She had no fixed abode, and was quite destitute.

MR. De Rutzen granted a summons, so that applicant's statements (she alleged that at one time she possessed a fortune of £70,000) could be inquired into.

A MAN named Fear married a widow who was very much his senior, but who had a

daughter, Miss Hassell, for whom he conceived a great affection. Mrs. Fear died in 1889, and the affection between her husband and her daughter resulted in their living together. Miss Hassell was wealthy, and to protect her interests she was made a ward in Chancery. The fact was not concealed that Miss Hassell, on becoming of age, intended to return to Fear, as she had since done, and her trustees accordingly obtained her consent to the settlement of the property. Fear and Miss Hassell had gone through a ceremony of marriage at Jersey, and they had between them spent every penny of money that could be raised on the property. April 4, Miss Hassell appealed against an order of Mr. Justice North refusing to set aside a voluntary settlement which she made on the day she came of age. The appeal was dismissed with costs.

AN Inverary correspondent states that the authorities will take no further action in the case of Scott, otherwise Sweeney. His offer to surrender having been refused, it only remains for Scott to obtain the removal of the sentence of outlawry which was pronounced against him for his failure to appear at the bar of the court in answer to the charge of murdering Lieut. Hambrough at Ardnamont. If he insists upon this sentence being withdrawn, the procedure is to present a petition to the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, to have the sentence of outlawry recalled. An intimation of Scott's petition would then be ordered to be given to the Crown agent, and a day specified for the parties to appear in court. If no opposition were offered by the Crown authorities, the Court would pronounce a "deliverance" recalling the sentence of outlawry.

COUNT JULIAN DE ST. AMAND, described as a journalist, was sentenced at Old Bailey, April 3, to eight months' hard labour for forging and uttering a cheque for £25. Prisoner stayed at a boarding house in Montague Street, Russell Square. He got into arrears, and explained that his uncle in Paris had stopped his allowance. In September he stated his intention of going to Paris to see his uncle, and the landlord of the boarding house pressed for payment of his account. Upon this he gave his landlord a cheque for £25, which he represented had been drawn on Messrs. Hickie and Borman, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, by Lady Anson. The day after the prisoner had left the landlord received a letter from him begging him not to present the cheque for payment, as he had heard from Lady Anson that her account was overdrawn. On inquiry being made it was discovered that the firm had no account in the name of Lady Anson, but that the prisoner had had an account there some time previous.

A MODERN rival of Bluebeard and Henry the Eighth is John Dennis Molloy, who was tried at the Central Criminal Court for bigamy. He is believed to have indulged altogether in six wives, and he did not even take the trouble to wait for the decease of one before allying himself with another. His first experiment in matrimony took place as long ago as 1860, and the last time he led a deluded lady to the altar was in 1889. On the latter interesting occasion he described himself as a "bachelor," and it would be of public interest to know after how many weddings he would be justified in adopting the status of a married man. It is consoling to know that this hymeneal humbug has not gone through his career quite unpunished. At various stages he has been condemned to five years' penal servitude, and to detention in a lunatic asylum, and now for his final act of bigamous perfidy he has received sentence of twelve months' hard labour. In Utah Mr. Molloy would probably have been unanimously selected as Brigham Young's successor; in England his undoubted gifts in the matrimonial line only lead him to the treadmill.

THE barberess of Chancery Lane is now avenged. She shaved him with a light and nimble touch, going tip-top over the pimples with a hand as light as a snowflake, and in return he broke her heart as well as his promise of marriage. Now he has gone to a place where his beard and hair will be roughly trimmed with a pair of shears, wielded by the hands of a turnkey, who will not care much whether the cut is in the latest fashion or not. Mr. Joseph Arthur Wicks has had a brief but chequered life; he is only 23 now. Once he had a good deal of money, got married, left his wife, courted the barberess, jilted her, lost the breach of promise case, pretended to be a barrister, but could not keep himself outside the criminal code, obtained money under false pretences, and finally completed his legal education under the eye of the Common Sergeant at that very hard college known as the Old Bailey, and took a prize of six months' relief from the vicissitudes of life at the expense of the nation in one of her Majesty's gaols. The particular essay which gained him this honour was the composition of a bill of sale by which he obtained the sum of £150 for furniture which did not belong to him. Wicks' fate ought to be a terrible warning to all young men with aspirations in the direction of bigamy.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.



THREE men named James Wyrick, Thomas Brady, and Albert Mansker, were hanged at Newport, Kansas, April 5, for killing the conductor of a train, which they robbed at Oliphant in November last.

A RIOT occurred at Kansas City, U.S.A., April 3, between the members of the American Protective Association and the Roman Catholics. One of the latter was killed by a deputy constable, who, as well as another Catholic, was shot dead. Several other persons were hurt.

A CASE of penny wise and pound foolish was exemplified in the police court the other day. A man of means attempted to defraud the North London Railway Company out of a penny ride, and when caught tried to bribe the detective with £1. He was brought up in police court, and fined forty shillings and ordered to pay forty-seven shillings costs.

THE strikers in the coke region in Pennsylvania are giving way. The men are abandoning the strike movement at every point, and appear completely subdued. Armed citizens are on guard at every town in the affected region, and they express their determination to preserve peace even if it costs the life of every foreigner in the district.

It is expected that the strikers will resume work.

BETWEEN Swindon and Chippenham, while the Flying Dutchman was proceeding at the rate of 50 miles an hour, a well-dressed man jumped from a third-class compartment. When the train was stopped it was found that the fall had broken the man's leg, and that he had then committed suicide by cutting his throat. Papers in his possession and marks on his clothes indicate that his name was C. H. Morant. He is supposed to have been an artist, highly connected, his correspondents including many people of rank in the metropolis.

ANNIE SMITH, after suffering intense agony, the effects of a brutal outrage, succumbed to her injuries in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary April 3. The woman, who is aged twenty-eight, was removed on April 1 from the Glasgow Central Police Office to the infirmary suffering from a severe internal wound in the lower part of the body, alleged to have been caused by an assault by an unknown man. She was the worse for drink at the time, and could not describe the assailant.

A DUEL with swords has been fought on the Colomeres Racecourse between M. Fould, Deputy for Tarbes, and M. Sassère, who was an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Argeles, in the Chamber of Deputies. The affair arose out of an altercation in a sleeping-car. The Duc de Morny and the Comte de Ganay were M. Fould's seconds, while the Marquis de Campagne and M. de Laperouse acted in a like capacity for his opponent. After the duel had lasted some little time, M. Sassère was wounded in the right arm pit, and the doctors who were on the ground having said that he could not continue the combat, it was then brought to a close.

A DREADFUL family tragedy has created a most painful sensation at Oldenburg. The confidential clerk of the Oldenburg Provincial Bank shot his three young children, and then himself. On the fatal morning he was sitting at breakfast with his wife and children. His wife left the room to go to the cellar. The clerk jumped up, bolted the doors, shot his two boys of twelve and nine years, and his daughter, aged six, and then turned the weapon on himself. The wife, on hearing the shots, rushed back to the room, but found the doors locked. Neighbours came and burst them open. The husband lay near the bed with his brains blown out; the little girl still sat at the breakfast table, but dead; one of the boys lay in the room, and the other one in the bedroom, whither he had evidently fled. All four were dead.

THE condition of M. Laurent Tailhave, who was seriously injured by the explosion at the Cafe Foyot on April 4, now causes some anxiety. Thomazo, the waiter, is, however, progressing satisfactorily. The author of the explosion is still unknown.

It is stated that the police have obtained an important clue, which they are now following up. A description of the culprit is said to have been given by a person who saw him. This statement, however, requires confirmation. From further investigations made by M. Girard, of the Municipal Laboratory, it would now appear that the bomb was, after all, not one of the reversible kind, but was provided with a fuse of some length, probably wound round a cylindrical box.

The idea, based upon the discovery of a small wheel, that the bomb was exploded by means of clockwork is now dismissed, as the wheel has been found to belong to a clock which was smashed by the explosion. The damage at the restaurant is more extensive than was at first supposed. The loss is now estimated at about 50,000 francs.

ON April 4 Inspector Melville, of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, apprehended a man named Meunier, a French Anarchist, on a charge of murder in connection with the explosion at the Cafe Véry in 1892. Meunier was about to leave England at the time he was arrested, and was upon the point of taking the train for Antwerp. He offered a determined resistance, and a six-chambered loaded revolver with several cartridges was found upon him.

Another Anarchist was also arrested at the same time for attempting to assist Meunier in escaping, and he also offered strenuous resistance. A severe struggle took place, causing considerable sensation, and a large crowd collected. Inspector Melville, however, was well seconded by the railway employees and by private individuals, and was able to secure both men.

TWO little girls, with short skirts and fancy shoes, succeeded in completely blocking up a London thoroughfare on April 3. The young people did not erect any barricade, but simply danced to the music of a barrel organ, which was played by a man named Cragg. Another hurdy-gurdy, named Gibbon, "went round with the hat." But Gibbon had his decline and fall, and so had Cragg. When they were summoned for wilful obstruction, it was proved that the open-air entertainment had attracted a large crowd, which filled the whole entrance of Savoy Street, and overflowed into the Strand. The magistrate quite truly remarked that the Strand was "an inconvenient place" for exhibitions of that kind. However, the two grown-up offenders were let off on promising not to repeat their conduct. What happened to the dancers is matter of mere conjecture. It seems probable that they were not casual street children, but were specially retained by the organ-grinders, who made a good living for themselves out of the nimbleness of their small satellites. If so, the system is one that is open to serious objections.

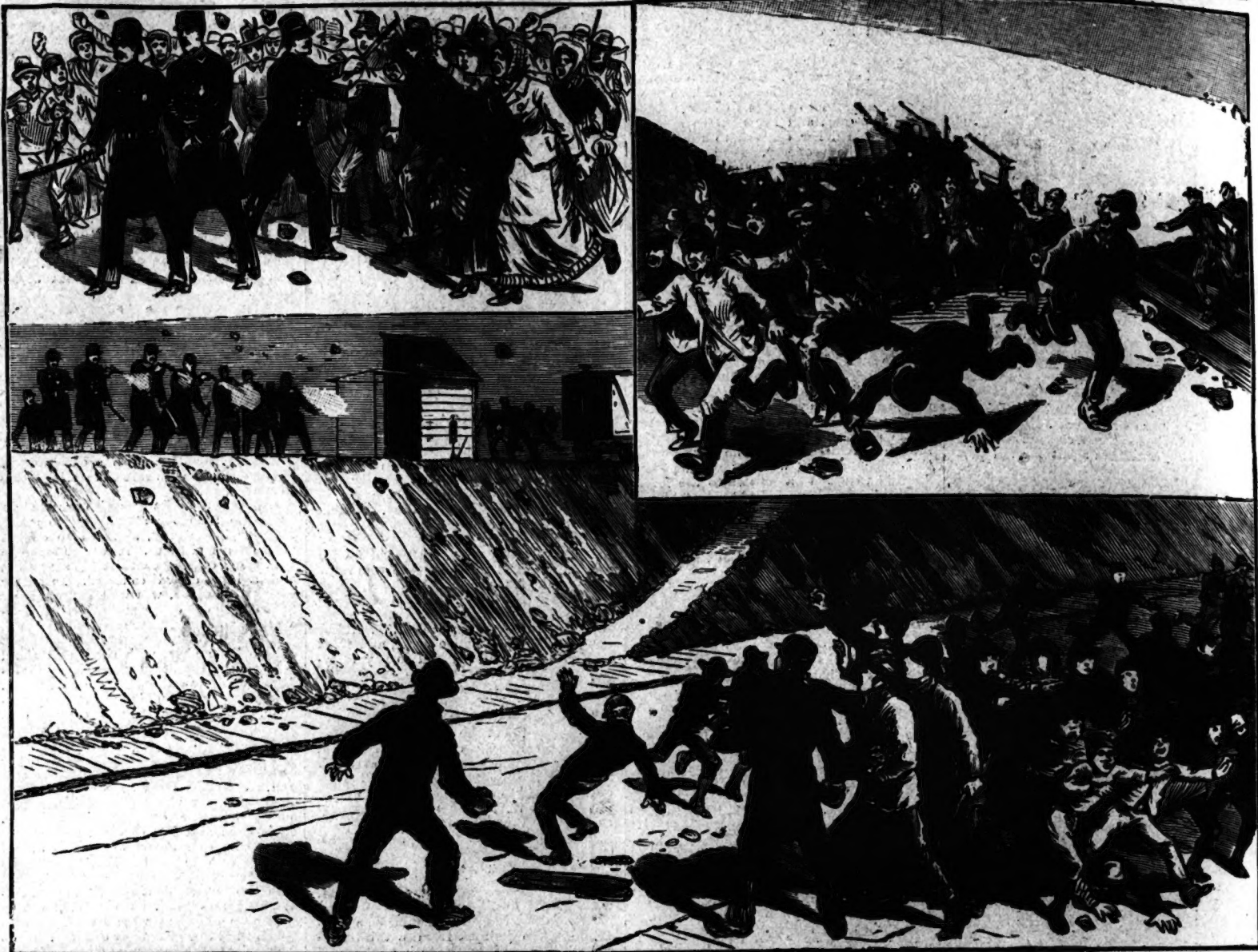
IN a lecture delivered April 4, at Stoke Newington, Alderman the Rev. Fleming Williams said: "The medical officer of the Council had just reported that there were at the present time seventeen pestiferous areas in London, which ought to be cleared without delay, but it would cost £2,000,000 to clear them, and the Council had not the money. They were, however, elaborating a scheme, which, if successful, would overcome the money difficulty. The owner of one of these slums, which was a disgrace to the city, was the Prince of Wales. The Council had told the Prince that they would not bear the cost of clearing this area. They had stated clearly that they considered it was the duty of anyone who had permitted a slum to grow up, and had reaped enormous gain from it, to clear away that slum. But the Prince of Wales had not consented to clear this one, and so Salutation area in Lambeth remained rotting in disease, filth, and crime, and the rent derived from it was spent in bacarat and otherwise by the future King of England. The position the Council had taken up was that they would not touch the slum out of the rate-payers' pockets, unless the owner who derived such a big income from it would aid them by a large and liberal contribution. In the case of the Somers Town area, Lady Henry Somerset, who was interested in the property, had said that she was willing and anxious to do anything in her power in co-operation with the Council in order to improve the condition of the area."

FRESH drummer (who got on at last station): "You will pardon my speaking to you; but when I see a pretty woman all alone, I always interest myself. And you know we drummers are hard to beat."

Pretty young woman (coolly): "Oh, I don't know! My husband, who will be back as soon as he finishes his cigar, had no trouble beating the other two who tried to flirt with me."

FIRST LABOURER: "I haven't always been this way. There was a time when I had my own team and carriage and did not have to work at all."

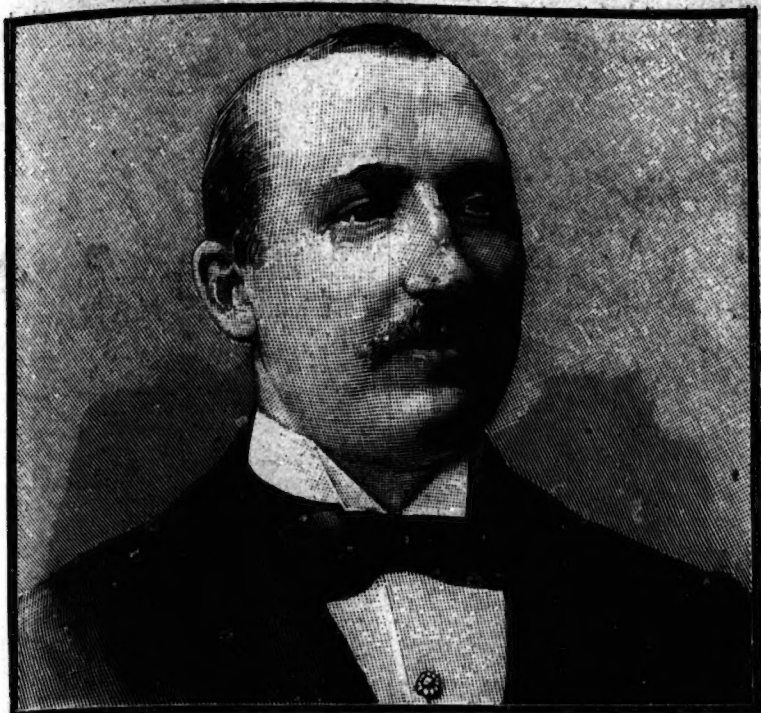
SECOND LABOURER: "Ah, well, we don't lay that up agin yez. We ain't no society swells here."



RIOT IN PENNSYLVANIA COKE DISTRICT.
Two Workmen Killed—The Police Shoot down Rioters like Dogs.

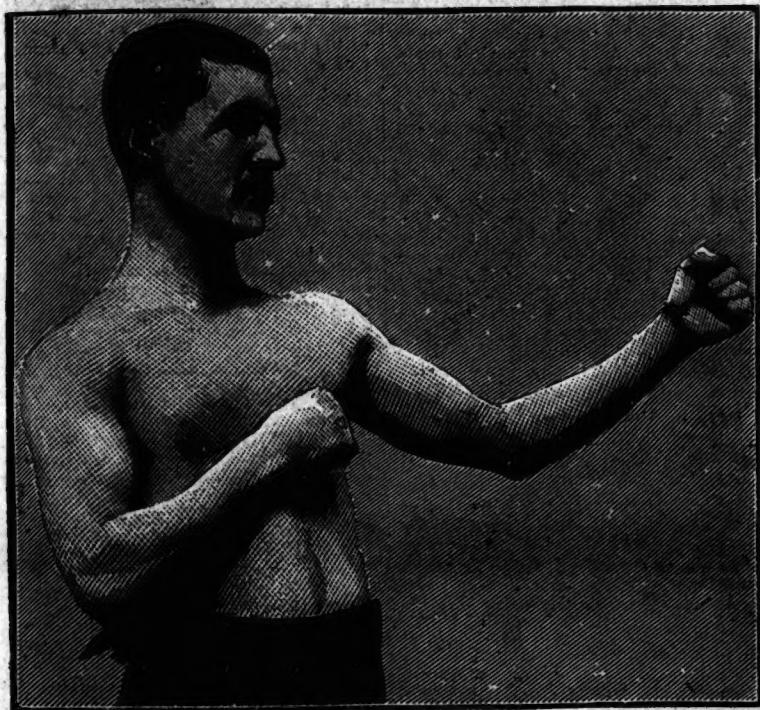


PRAYED ON BENDED KNEES FOR ADMISSION.
Their Pals, however, only Smacked Their Lips to Agitate the Feelings of those Barred Out.



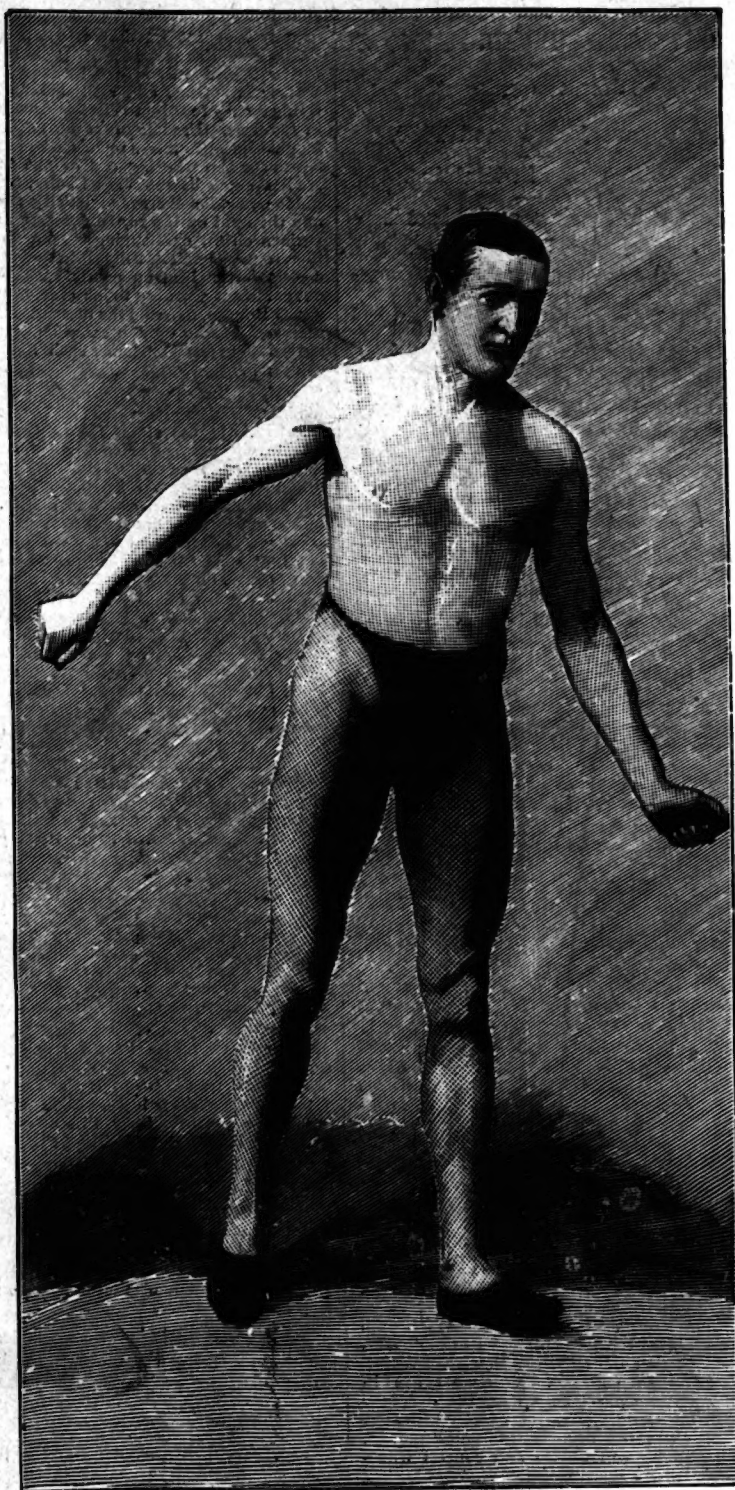
THOMAS WRIGHT.

Prominent Leicester Sportsman who Backs Sprinters.



DICK TASKER.

An Australian Light at Manchester.



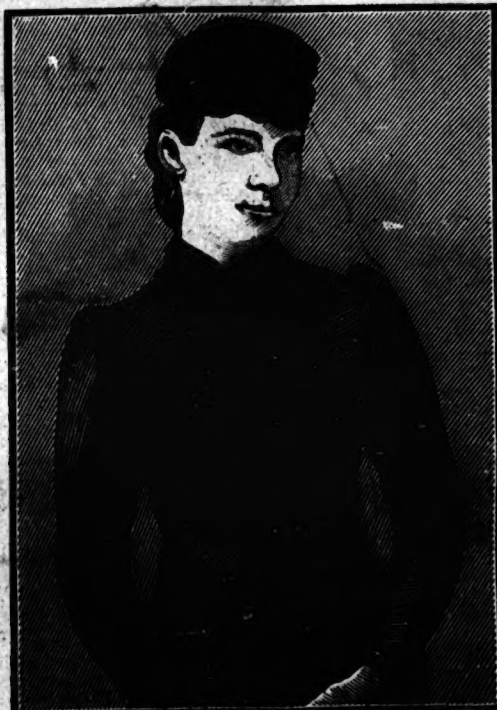
STEPHEN J. FARRELL.

Yankee Sprinter who has Won a Sheffield and a Manchester Handicap.



ARTHUR CALLAN.

Clever 9st 5lb Pugilist Open to all Comers.



MISS MADELINE V. POLLARD.



HON. W. C. T. BRECKINRIDGE.

The Pair who are Washing their "Dirty Linen" in the United States Court.

AROUND THE RING.

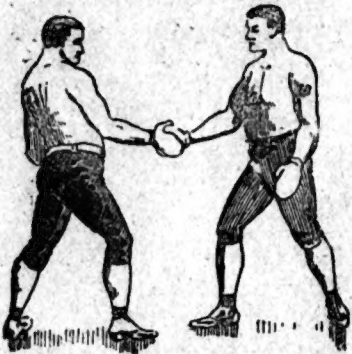
CORBETT'S SHREWD MANAGER

Dixon's Knock-out.

Donovan's Proposed Visit.

Dick Burge in Training.

Contests Here and Abroad.



THERE are many men who are classed shrewd managers of pugilists, but for the head of that class we should select William A. Brady, the energetic theatrical man, who pilots James J. Corbett, the champion about the world. He is deserving of all the credit that has been bestowed upon him, because he started at the very foot of the ladder. Brady first got his inkling to theatrical enterprise in New York City when only a lad of a dozen years of age. He worked at the press club rooms for some time, and then journeyed alone to San Francisco. From that city he got his start in theatrical business, producing "After Dark" with success. It was in conjunction with that piece that Corbett secured his first foothold on the Americans. Brady starred Corbett through the States, then engineered his matches with Sullivan, Mitchell, and Jackson. Corbett has beaten the first two, and it is now on the carpet for him to meet Jackson.

MUCH of Corbett's success is due to the fact that he works in unison with his manager, in whom he places implicit confidence. It enables Brady to make every move tell, and this he has done to perfection. Corbett is rather infatuated with the stage, and in an interview says:—"Beginning with next season—that is to say, in the fall—Brady and I will be partners in all of the theatrical enterprises which Brady now controls, and in various others. I expect that before very long the firm of Corbett and Brady will cut quite a figure in the theatrical world."

"A capitalist has offered to build for me a theatre in New York, and I am also considering an offer to take charge of a new theatre in Chicago. While we are in Europe we shall keep our eyes open for theatrical novelties, and as between us we can command considerable ready money, I think we can secure and control whatever we are after."



"TAKE a jug to the well too often and it is bound to get broken." So it was with George Dixon, for if ever a man was mismanaged it is the little coloured scrapper. Going about the United States, the home of four-round sluggers, and meeting all comers in public exhibitions, is not what the game is cracked up to be. Dixon first cropped out at Boston in the summer of 1887—just seven years ago—and was successful in meeting local men of even weight in contests with small gloves for purses. He displayed considerable science and hitting qualities, so that local sports, finding him with an unbeaten record for three years, brought about his battle with Nanc Wallace, which occurred in 1890, at the Pelican Club. In that match he was fortunate enough to meet a man whose relish for stiff punching was none to good, and after eighteen rounds Wallace surprised the spectators by holding out his hand as a signal of defeat.

THAT match was the foundation of Dixon's reputation, because on his return to the States he soon met and defeated Johnny Murphy, Cal McCarthy, and Abe Willis for liberal purses. As a money maker Dixon was second to none in the States at the time, and all the clubs hung up big money for him to meet any good man in his class. Fred Johnson went over and fought him for fourteen rounds, when Dixon fell in for the winning end of the purse. He has since beaten Jack Skelly, George Siddons, Eddie Pierce, and Solly Smith, and then put on the road exhibiting in the various cities, challenging all comers to four-round bouts. Billy Plimmer got a decision over him on points. That was not sufficient warning to his crafty manager, O'Rourke, to avoid the meeting of "all comers," but he only became bolder and more defiant for a customer each night he exhibited.

WHAT Walter Egerton, the Kentucky Rosebud, did to Dixon the other night, George will remember to his dying day. They boxed for the "bread fund" at Philadelphia, and it was quietly whispered about that both were on their mettle. A correspondent, writing about the encounter says: "The first round ended without any exciting incidents. The second round began lively, and for a while it was give and take, with no advantage to either man. Suddenly the two rushed at each other, the Rosebud's right fist came smashing into Dixon's face, and the champion fell as if he had been hit with an axe, the back of his head striking the boards with terrific force. As Dixon fell the crowd gave a wild shout. O'Rourke sprang through the ropes, and, picking Dixon bodily up, carried him to his corner. Dixon's head hung back and his legs were limp, as he sat propped up by O'Rourke in his chair. The crowd was yelling wildly, and it surged forward against the platform."

It is said that fully four minutes' time elapsed between round two and three, so that Marquis of Queensberry Rules were wholly ignored. To sum the affair up, Dixon was knocked out by a local scrapper of colour for a paltry sum of money, which displays deplorable management on the part of O'Rourke. John Griffin has challenged Dixon to fight for as much as £1,000 a-side at 8st 8lb, but to Griffin the Dixon party insist on a fight at 8st 4lb, knowing it is impossible for Griffin to do the weight. Billy Plimmer challenges for a fight at 8st 4lb, and the Dixon party suggest 8st 6lb or 8st 8lb. To put the matter plain Dixon is afraid to meet Plimmer at 8st 4lb and fears Griffin at 8st 8lb, which must class him a mongrel champion at the best. In order to redeem himself he must fight some good man to a finish, and the day he meets that good man will be the occasion of his going into the ring once too often.



MIKE DONOVAN, instructor in boxing to the New York Athletic Club, contemplates a visit here during the coming summer with Frank Craig, the coloured middle-weight, known as the Harlem Coffee Cooler. The latter will seek a match to a finish with Ted Pritchard for a suitable purse. Donovan was at one time one of the best middle-weight pugilists in the States, and has earned his reputation in the "open" with bare knuckles. In May, of 1880, he was to fight George Rooke, a brother to Jack Rooke, of Manchester, for the Middle-Weight Championship and £400, near the Canadian line. Both men trained for the battle, but neither was any way anxious of bringing it to an issue, and the affair fell through, both drawing down their end of the stake money. Donovan was and in fact is to this day a clever boxer. He sparred Jack E. Dempsey to a six-round draw in Williamsburgh, New York, when Dempsey was at his best.

STANTON ABBOTT must have gotten elevated ideas since he went to the States, because he declares that nothing short of a £300 purse will induce him to return here and fight Martin Denny, the Australian,

now stopping at Morecambe Bay. Backing and filling is a pretty poor policy for any pugilist to pursue; it not only disgusts the club managers, but has a tendency to try the patience of those who back him for his matches.



In 1880, John L. Sullivan was brought forward to spar with Joe Goss, in Boston, and happened to plant his right "duke" on old Joe's "physog." It knocked old Goss so that he was ignorant as to where he was—as old Joe said, he saw a thousand stars. Goss was matched to fight Paddy Ryan, for the American championship and the show was a benefit to aid him in defraying training expenses. When Donovan met Goss he made sport of the fact that a green 'un should knock him silly in a punch. "All right," says Joe. "You keep away from that joker, or you'll get the same dose." Donovan ridiculed the idea, and made it a point to visit Boston to run a show. Sullivan was brought forward to be made a "mug" by Donovan, but he shifted the programme by planting his right on Mike, and sent him across the stage. Donovan was no hog, and was not slow in telling his friends that the big fellow could hit like the kick of a horse.

OLD JOE saw Donovan, and asked him if the blow made his head ache. "Head ache," exclaimed Donovan, "why it put me where I lost all sense to feeling." Goss was beaten by Ryan, and then found the backing for Sullivan, whose victory over Paddy laid the foundation for his reputation. Goss was always a great believer in Sullivan, and trained John L. for some of his most important encounters, and when the old veteran died in Boston his funeral was attended by thousands of people; some of most aristocratic swells of the city paid the old English pugilist a tribute. He commanded the respect of all classes, and had a special weakness for children, who were fond of passing an hour in the company of Joe.

ONE six, an eight, and a twenty-round contest occurred at the Raglan Music Hall on April 2. In the six-round battle, George Freeman, of New Cross, and Jack Wood, of Lambeth, boxed the stipulated number of rounds. Freeman displayed an advantage in the estimation of the referee, and got the verdict. Bill Winters, of Peckham, and Arthur Onslow, of Lambeth disputed honours in the eight-round contest. The latter led off, but the blow was parried by Winters, who swung the left heavily on the ribs and jaw. Onslow falling from the effects of the latter delivery. He struggled up within the stipulated time, but Winters gave him no rest, and after repeating the dose he again brought the Lambeth lad down with a straight left-handed shot on the point. This settled the business, as Onslow could not rise in the stipulated time and Winters won, after a brief bout of two minutes' duration. Fred McCarthy, of Hackney, and Ginger Elliott, of Bethnal Green, were the participants in the twenty-round bout. Elliott had the advantage up to the twelfth round, neither one doing any very effective work. McCarthy acted chiefly on the defensive from the twelfth to the fifteenth round, relying upon his left, with which he frequently visited his adversary's left eye. Elliott kept his man very busy from this to the finish, and certainly scored the more points, having the best of the rallies and little the worst of the exchanges at long range. Mac, however, never forgot to make efficient use of the left hand, but was a frequent receiver on the mark and ribs, and was fortunate in securing the verdict in his favour.

DICK BURGE has taken up training quarters at Tyne-mouth, and will get himself as fit as possible for his match with Harry Nickless, which is set to occur the first week in May, in London. The men are restricted to 10st each in weight and the wager pending on the result will amount to £400, in addition to which a purse of £150 will be given by the Bolingbroke Club. Burge has of late been very unfortunate. He made two journeys to the States in search of a match, but failed to get on; when in training for his last match with Nickless, the accident which befell him necessitated a forfeit. Should he get in good condition his friends

will make him a red-hot favourite over Nickless when the day of fighting arrives, because they regard it as an "air-tight clinch" to lower the colours of Nickless or any man in the world at 10st.

SAM SWAINSBURY lowered the colours of Jack Fowler in a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, March 31.

THE Netherlands Choral and Dramatic Club held a series of glove contests at Spitalfields, April 2. In a 7st 6lb competition Alf Abrahams defeated like M'Carthy in the final bout. Joe Jacobs and Lusher Frankel were to contest eight rounds, and it proved to be a veritable slugging match. In the opening round, each in turn looked like knocking out the other, and any odds might have been obtained against it lasting the stipulated number of rounds. After a while, however, they clinched, and there was a lot of cuddling, out of which Jacobs, being the stronger, came the best. The second round was another hurricane business, but just before the call of time Jacobs hit low and was cautioned, the verdict being "fight on." The same thing occurred in the third round, but this time, owing to the confusion, the referee did not perceive it, and in the fourth Frankel fell weak, and Jacobs, doing what he liked with him, won.

SAM BLAKELOCK, of Battersea, and Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, were to have fought the best of twenty rounds on April 2, for £100 and an added purse, but the purse was withdrawn and the fight was practically declared off by Blacklock, who allows that he is to assist Dick Burge in his training. Blacklock now proposes backing an unknown against Boyle for £50 a-side. The Scotchman feels deeply disappointed over the fizzling out of the contest, and expresses a willingness to raise the amount of the stakes if some reputable London club will guarantee a £50 purse.

THE Isledon Boxing Club held an entertainment at Holloway Baths, April 3, the principal events being an 8st 6lb professional competition, which went to "Darkey" Edwards. The winner, though quite a youth, is possessed of more than an average amount of stamina, and it was this, combined to dogged pluck and determination, that enabled him to pull through against competitors far cleverer than himself. Edwards took a lot of punishment, but this made no impression on him whatever, and the way in which he hung on when in difficulties gained for him long and well-merited applause. In a six-round contest Fred Mansford failed to concede something like a stone in weight to a powerful young fellow named Golding, though the business was so even that an extra round had to be fought out before a winner was found.

BILLY HENNESSY was defeated by Dick O'Brien in Boston, U.S.A., recently, in one of the best contests ever seen in that city. The fighting was hard throughout. Hennessy went out in the eleventh round from blows on the jaw and neck. Hennessy had the better of the opening rounds.

A few months ago Stanton Abbott spoke very disparagingly about the United States, and expressed the utmost contempt for the country. Our latest advices are to the effect that he has decided to become an American citizen, having taken out his first papers recently at Providence, U.S.A., where he has spent the greater portion of his time whilst in America.

At Chicago, U.S.A., March 26, Will J. Davis received from Corbett a certified cheque for 2,000 dollars, and "Parson" Davies, Jackson's manager, called on Davis and put up the same amount. Each side has 4,000 dolrs in the stakeholder's hands. Davies is still hopeful that the principals will agree on terms and bring off the fight in the States.

The "Parson" was not surprised when informed that Corbett's money was up. "That is the easiest part of the proceeding," he said. "I did not expect him to forfeit. I don't want to take his money that way. What I want more than anything else is an assurance that the fight will be really decided. Brady has gone to Europe, and Corbett will soon follow. If I don't hear something definite soon I will close my season and sail for England with Peter."

"The English have no use for a bluffer, and I can make things so hot for Corbett that he will be forced to come out and say whether he means business or not. I will do this only as a last resort. Jim cannot wrap himself up in the Stars and Stripes and creep out that way."

THE Hon. Frederick Douglass, the best known man of his race, is a great admirer of Peter Jackson, the Australian pugilist, and when the latter appeared in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Washington, D.C., recently, the venerable orator occupied a box at the theatre and paid the brawny Antipodean such attention as to attract notice. Mr. Douglass says that Jackson is doing as much in his way to solve the race problem as any other force, and in this way he may be correct. Physical prowess has commanded the admiration of mankind from

the earliest times, and perhaps will continue to do so to the end of time. Molineux, George Godfrey, Peter Jackson, and George Dixon have done much in the Old and the New World to illustrate the physical prowess and the native courage of the African.

It is not generally known that George Dixon has a pretty white wife and that she manages the finances of her husband, who has made and spent a mint of money. He lives at Malden, Mass., U.S.A., where he spends his leisure and is said to have literary tastes, Charles Dickens being his favourite author. His fortune is estimated at no more than 40,000dols., although he must have earned three times that much. But sports are sports, whether white as snow, black as ink, or copper coloured, and spend freely what they make in windfalls.

CHARLEY INGRAM, of North Woolwich, and Henry Carter, of Brighton, were the pair of 8st 6lb lads selected to box the best of twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club, April 2, for a purse. The first round was rather tame, but in the second Ingram woke up a bit and landed his right in the stomach, making Carter gasp. In the third round Ingram put in two hot shots on the left eye. Carter was riled, and rushing to close quarters he banged away left and right. Responding for the next round Ingram landed heavily on the mouth. Carter was a bit awkward on his legs, and in a rally he nearly came to the boards. He showed a bold front however, and when four rounds had been fought he was a favourite. The fifth was the beginning of the end. Carter made headway for the first half, and then as they were breaking away from half-arm fighting Ingram swung the right. Unfortunately for Carter he received this fairly on the point of the jaw, and as a result of a second thump "Brighton went to the boards." Up he rose, only to drop once more, and as he fell a third time the end of the round saved him for a time from defeat. Though profiting little by the minute's rest, Carter gamely took the middle for the sixth round. Thirty seconds of this, however, proved sufficient to see Ingram returned the winner of what at one time looked like being a prolonged encounter. Sid Phillips, of Islington, and Bob Woodley, contested six rounds for a purse. The former took a lead in the opening rounds, which he held throughout, and at the end of the sixth round was given the award.

The glove fight between James Johnson, of Sunderland, and James, better known as Jumper, Howe, of Gateshead, for £50 a-side, was brought to a decision at the Dolphin Inn, Close, Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 4. Johnson was seconded by Fanny Cook, of Birmingham, and Victor Layton, of Newcastle. Howe's seconds were Geo. Murray and Jim Lewis, both of Newcastle. Mr. Tom Gamble, of Manchester, was referee; Mr. John Mutton, of Spennymoor, timekeeper, and Prof. Lowry, M.C.

On "Time!" being called for the first round, "Jumper" showed great eagerness for the fray, and went for his man digging; but Johnson, towards the end, gave him a steadier, and finished equal. The second round was pretty much a repetition of the above tactics, which told on Johnson's lower regions. In the third round Johnson warmed up and gave his opponent a little grueling, the bout finishing well in his favour. In the fourth round Howe stood well up, but in his eagerness missed his man and got floored right and left. In the fifth round Johnson went for Howe rapidly. Jumper, however, took his punishment well, and would not be denied; still, Johnson had the best of matters until "Time" was called. In the fifth round both were blowing, and sparred for wind. In the sixth round Jumper was floored again, but came up smiling; still, Johnson had the best of it, and rattled Jumper's ribs about furiously. In the seventh and eighth rounds Johnson forced the fight, and Howe began to totter about, and fell. However, he was soon on his legs again, and sparred for time. Ninth and last round.—Johnson led off smartly on Howe's chest, which told its tale. Another swinging blow on the neck downed Howe again, and as it was evident the old hand had had sufficient, his sponge was reluctantly thrown up, the referee declaring Johnson the winner.

JEM MACE, the retired champion pugilist, is doing a thriving business at 96, West Street, Brighton, and continues to maintain the best of health. In order not to lose his cleverness in boxing he indulges in spirited bouts daily with several pupils, besides he takes long walks every morning with Ted Pritchard along the shore. It is the intention of Mace, on the arrival of James J. Corbett, to call upon the champion, of whom he has an exalted opinion, and suggest a friendly spar of three rounds when Corbett makes his debut at the Drury Lane Theatre. It is not generally known that Mace, when in San Francisco, indulged in a friendly spar with Corbett, and it was that bout which created for Corbett a favourable impression in the opinion of Mace. The champion of years gone by is still well thought of by the veteran sports, and no doubt an announcement that he was to engage in a friendly

bout of a scientific nature would bring forward many of the patrons of pugilism when London Prize Ring rules were the ones which governed championship contests.

GEORGE MACDONALD, the man who trained John L. Sullivan when the big slugger was in this country, is in Paris arranging for a series of glove contests to be decided there. When in England he makes his headquarters at Brighton.

THE Bury School of Arms, at Bury, in Lancashire, was the scene of an interesting sparring entertainment the other evening. An exhibition bout by Professor Roberts' Midgets was followed by a six-round contest for a gold medal between Etchels and Wolstenholme. The former was nearly 20lb heavier than his opponent, who, though having an up-hill job, showed great gameness, forcing the fight throughout in hopes of securing a knock-out, but the verdict went to Etchels, who done effective work. The principal event was a ten-round contest between Lil Parker and Gerry Costello, both of Bury, for a gold medal and a wager of £10. Parker was seconded by his trainer Ted Feast, of Bury, and Jack Howley, of Great Harwood. Costello was waited upon by his trainer, Jim Cotterill, and Jim Mossdale, both of Bury. The first round was begun by some very hard hitting, Parker once bringing his man to the boards. From the third to the tenth round Parker had all the best of matters, although Costello made a good stand. Parker was declared the winner. The officials were Mr. Matthews, of Manchester, referee; Tom Kenny, of Heywood, timekeeper; whilst Professor Roberts was M.C.

WALTER EDGERSON, the Kentucky Rosebud, is hot after George Dixon. He says: "Seeing that George Dixon, the mongrel champion, denies that he was knocked out by me when we boxed in Philadelphia, on March 22, I wish to state that he was out, for he was unconscious nearly five minutes, and ten minutes elapsed before the third round commenced. I could have knocked him out again in the third round, but my backer, James McHale, would not allow me, to do so. Now to settle the question, I will fight George Dixon at 8st 6lb for 2,500dols. to 5,000dols. a side.

It seems probable that the current year will prove an important one in the history of indoor athletics at Harvard College in the States. For several years past there has been a decreasing interest in wrestling and sparring, and it looks now as if these sports have received their death blow as far as their continuance at Harvard is concerned. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Harvard Athletic Association it was voted not to hold the scheduled second winter meeting. This was the occasion at which all the sparring and wrestling events in the past have taken place, but this year it was found impossible to raise any interest whatever in the sports.

The declining popularity of sparring and wrestling has been viewed with favour by a strong student sentiment; and their death will not cause great regret. In justice to the few men who did enter the several events some informal opportunity will be given for them to contest for the prizes which would have been offered. It is not improbable, however, that even this will fail, through the indifference of the contestants.

At the Bankruptcy Court, April 5, a receiving order was made under a petition presented by Frank Slavin, the pugilist, who describes himself as of Maitland Street, Chiswick, late of the Rose Tavern, Jernyn Street, and formerly of the Swan and Sugar Loaf Tavern, Fetter Lane, formerly licensed victualler, now licensed victualler's manager. He states that he has no assets whatever, and that his liabilities are about £700.

The annual championship competitions promoted by the Amateur Boxing Association, which were held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, April 5, attracted a large and fashionable audience; but the sport was not of a very high class. A dozen names were received for the Bantam Weights competition, but the other events did not attract as many as usual. For the Middle Weights only two men took the ring, and for the Heavies only three put in an appearance. The former event resulted in a single-round victory for W. Sykes, G. L. Townsend, who was thought certain to win, failing to put in an appearance. After a good fight with his club-mate, L. Barnard, Horace King won the final of the Heavies in one round; whilst less than three minutes were also sufficient to settle the last bout of the Feathers. Undoubtedly the best form of the day was shown by Campbell, who, as was the case last year, won the light-weight. In Jones, of the New Kent Road Club, who won the Bantams, a smart little boxer was unearthed. Wright, who took part in the final, is very clever, but he lacks strength. The results of the final bouts follow:—Bantam Weights, 8st 4lb and under.—Final bout: P. A. Jones beat E.

Wright. First one and then the other had the best of some neat work, and when they stood up for the third time there was little in it either way. Jones led out of distance, and before he recovered Wright landed a good upper-cut. It was a game struggle right up to the call of time. Both got too weak to hurt each other. Wright did a lot of the work in the last two minutes, and he appeared to have won when Jones got the verdict. Feather-weights, 9st and under.—Final bout: R. Gunn beat R. Barton. The first-named proved far too strong for Barton, who was floored with a right-hander on the head in the first minute. Following up his advantage, Gunn knocked all the steam out of his rival, who made no show and retired at the end of 90sec. Light-weights, 10st and under.—Final bout: W. Campbell beat A. Vanderhout. The latter began in very promising style, and with Campbell taking things quietly the first-named scored at a pretty fast rate. Vanderhout created much excitement by the vigour of his onslaught. Campbell had all the worst of the first part of the opening round. Subsequently he improved, and his straight left hand enabled him to recover lost ground. Still, Vanderhout had a shade the best of it when they stood up a second time. Campbell now fought splendidly, and though Vanderhout kept rushing in he always ran up against the other's left hand. From start to finish it was a gruelling spar. Once or twice Campbell looked like going weak, but he showed the best form, and scoring a shade faster than the other he got the verdict. Middle-weights, 11st 4lb and under.—Two entries: W. Sykes beat W. H. Heath. The last-named appeared beefy and out of condition. For the first minute all the leading was on the glove. Then a youth in the gallery called out, "Sikes the burglar." Whether this nettled the youth or not we cannot say, but he at once improved the pace. Heath was very slow and erratic, and after the men had been boxing two minutes Sykes landed on the point of the jaw. Heath dropped to the boards, and after he had been carried to his corner he gave in. Heavy weights.—Final bout: Horace King beat J. Faindon. On coming up for the opening round King countered his opponent heavily on the mouth. Faindon swung the right on King's head, but just as he looked like making a bit of a show he received the right hand on the jaw and fell to the boards. Regaining his feet, he tried to stave off the attack of King, who now fought with much determination. King, however, held the trump card; and after Faindon had fallen to the boards several times, he, at the end of the second minute, was taken to his corner and gave in.

Winners of Previous Years.
BANTAM WEIGHTS.—1884, A. Woodward; 1885, A. Woodward; 1886, T. Hiley; 1887, T. Hiley; 1888, H. C. M. Oakman; 1889, H. Brown; 1890, J. J. Rowe; 1891, E. Moore; 1892, F. Godbold; 1893, E. A. Watson.

FEATHER WEIGHTS.—1881, T. Hill; 1882, T. Hill; 1883, T. Hill; 1884, E. Hutchings; 1885, J. Pennill; 1886, T. J. McNeill; 1887, J. Pennill; 1888, J. E. Taylor; 1889, T. J. McNeill; 1890, G. F. Belsey; 1891, F. Curtis; 1892, F. Curtis; 1893, T. F. Davidson.

LIGHT WEIGHTS.—1881, F. M. Hobday; 1882, A. F. Bettinson; 1883, A. Diamond; 1884, A. Diamond; 1885, A. Diamond; 1886, C. J. Roberts; 1887, J. Hair; 1888, A. J. Newton; 1889, W. Neale; 1890, A. J. Newton; 1891, E. Dettmer; 1892, E. Dettmer; 1893, W. Campbell.

MIDDLE WEIGHTS.—1881, T. P. Bellhouse; 1882, A. H. Currick; 1883, A. J. Curric; 1884, W. K. Brown; 1885, Manning Salmon; 1886, W. J. King; 1887, R. Hair; 1888, R. Hair; 1889, G. Sykes; 1890, J. Hoare; 1891, J. Steers; 1892, J. Steers; 1893, J. Steers.

HEAVY WEIGHTS.—1881, R. Frost Smith; 1882, H. T. Dearsley; 1883, H. T. Dearsley; 1884, H. T. Dearsley; 1885, W. A. J. West; 1886, A. Diamond; 1887, E. White; 1888, W. J. King; 1889, A. Bowman; 1890, J. Steers; 1891, V. Barker; 1892, J. Steers; 1893, J. Steers.

One of the hottest contests ever known in the South-West occurred on March 18, on Mexican soil, just across from El Paso Tex., between Australian Billy Smith and Billy Lewis, of Butte. The fight was for 500dols. Lewis was knocked out in fourteen rounds. A warrant was held by the sheriff of Dona Anna county, New Mexico, on Smith for his recent battle with Flaharity, but was not served, by agreement, until after the Smith-Lewis fight. Smith's friends put him in a waggon, and drove him on Mexican soil till he reached Texas, thereby putting him outside Dona Anna county. Lewis won first blood; Smith the first knock-down. Smith upon entering the ring, offered 200dols on himself to win, with no takers. Up to the sixth round Lewis had the advantage. In the seventh round Smith began to force the fighting. In the eleventh round Lewis was groggy, but plucky. At the opening of the thirteenth round Smith was smiling, Lewis game. Lewis fought gallantly, but evidently realised he was whipped. In the fourteenth round Smith struck Lewis a heavy blow in the neck, following with a left-hander in the mouth. Lewis was counted out.

STAGE TALK.



Mrs. JANE HADING expresses her own views in regard to America thus: "One thing above all for which French women have to thank America is the divorce. I have been married; I have obtained a divorce; I have finished with marriage. I thank America. I love American women; they have given me great courage.

PAULINE HALL has twelve thousand pounds worth of diamonds. She says she never lost one in her life. This lady evidently does not understand the art of advertisement.

THE remains of the late Mr. Arthur Wilkinson, a member of the Prince of Wales Pantomime Company, who was killed in the coach accident at Aintree on March 30; were interred on April 3 at Anfield Cemetery. An enormous crowd assembled at the Northern Hospital when the cortege started, and there was a great concourse at the cemetery, including Mr. Wilkinson's colleagues in the pantomime company, representatives of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, the D'Oyly Carte Company, and other artists at present in Liverpool. The coffin was covered with wreaths.

MICHAEL MACCARE (better known by the stage name of Mike Mac), the eccentric Irish comedian, and one of the original Two Macs, died in Westminster Hospital, April 3. About two months ago he was a mitted in order to have his right arm amputated. The operation was rendered necessary by a growth recurring on his forearm, which had previously been operated on. For some time he made satisfactory progress, but lately it became evident that some of the vital internal organs were involved in the growth, and that ultimate recovery was impossible. He was aware of the unfavourable turn the disease had taken, and bore the pain and approach of death with fortitude.

THE action of Miss Sheridan against Mr. Hartmont, the gentleman who financed "Charley's Aunt," which resulted in a verdict for the lady with £750 damages, came before the Court of Appeal, April 4. Mr. Finlay, Q.C., who appeared for Miss Sheridan, said the action was one for commission for introducing Mr. Hartmont to Mr. Penley, and Mr. Hartmont's case was that the terms between Miss Sheridan and him were that the latter should try to secure her a part in the piece. The present appeal was based on the ground that the verdict was against the evidence. The case was adjourned.

GEORGE EDWARD BISHOP, the alleged theatrical agent and instructor, was put on his trial at the Old Bailey April 4 for obtaining money from young under the false pretences of training them for the stage, and of obtaining engagements for them. Bishop had carried on his business at several addresses in London—Catherine Street, Strand; 75, Hercules Road; 289, Kennington Park Road; 24, Bolsover Street, London Road; and 82, Waterloo Road. Evidence was given by Miss Edith Stevenson, of Kenton Street, Brunswick Square, who had paid fees for instruction in singing and dancing; by Miss Amy Rose Pigott, a sister of last witness, who also went into training for singing and was led to spend £30 in dresses; by G. Gartley, who was told he would be a success on the music-hall stage, "as he had a good square jaw, which was a great thing for a music-hall artist;" by Elizabeth Ann Cook, who paid him £7 10s., and Harold Wild, who parted with £30, and only got in the way of costumes a pair of shoes; and by about a score of others who had been defrauded. In defence Bishop called witnesses, who stated that he had satisfied them in what he did, but Detective-sergeant Ward said he was known in the profession as a "mug fighter." In the end he was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

AGENT: "What has become of the india-rubber man?"

Manager: "Oh, I bounced him."

HILLS: "Do you believe in marrying for money?"

Hulls: "Yes; but the trouble is that all the girls I know take a similar view."



THEY ALL ENJOYED IT.

Unexpected Merriment added to a Play.



A FEMALE SMUGGLER CAPTURED.

New York Inspectors Enter Her Apartment and Get a Rich Haul.



ONE SOCK SERVED BOTH FEET.

An Episode of Greenwich Park which Amused Passers-by.



TWO PLAYED THE SAME GAME.

How the Young Pair Fooled the Widow.



THE DARK SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

Tap Rooms that Thrive off the Poor. Liquor that is Slow Death.



A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Caught Hiding Beneath the Bed and Remanded at West London.



I WILL SWING FOR HER.

Langford's Mad Freak in the Streets at Liverpool.

THEY ALL ENJOYED IT.

Unexpected Merriment added to a Play.

(Subject of Illustration.)

At one of our theatres the other evening a lightning sketch artist furnished unexpected amusement for the audience which gathered to see the show. The artist did not appear upon the stage, but sat in the audience, and his basis of operations was the very bald head of a very fat man, whose name was Jim. At least that is what his friends called him.

The baldness of Jim is remarkable, not for its quantity, for he has a straggling fringe of discouraged hair all about his head, but for its quality. A man may be mildly, dully, inconspicuously hairless, or he may shine, cranially considered, and Jim is possessed of a luminous intensity of radiant baldness that is comparable only to the headlight of a locomotive. This circle of dazzling aridity is just where it will do the most good, directly at the crown of his head. Like most fat men, Jim is good-natured, and when his friends "nag" him as to his capillary shortcomings, he merely laughs and philosophically observes that it is better to be bald on the outside of one's head than on the inside. Now Jim, being fond of the theatre, got two of his friends and went to see the play, where short skirts were the order. They sat in the pit close to the stage, and presently Jim proposed a drink, and they decided to visit the public just outside the playhouse. Before their return, two men who are friends of Jim and his friends came in and occupied seats directly behind those the three had just left. One of these two is an artist by nature, though not by profession, and his strong point is caricaturing. When the trio returned, fortified by various drinks, the curtain had already risen, and in their haste to get in they failed to notice the two men just behind them. The first act passed without disturbance, and at the conclusion Jim turned to his friends and said:—"Let's get another drink."

"Well, there are bald men and bald men, but I'm blessed if I ever saw a bald man so infernally bald as that mug just in front of us," said a man who sat directly behind Jim.

"Right you are," responded a second voice; "his head is smooth as any billiard ball I ever saw."

"Some men are born bald," proceeded the first speaker, "some achieve baldness, and some have their hair thrust off them. Now, I should suppose that that chap had all three —"

"Look here," interrupted Jim, unable to endure this style of thing from strangers. "I don't know who you are, but unless you're looking for trouble — Huh! Oh, it's you, fellows, is it? Well, I thought the voices were kind of familiar. We're just going out. Join us?"

This invitation was Jim's undoing. It was readily accepted, and the trio, followed by the pair, walked out. How the artist contrived to accomplish his nefarious task without the knowledge of his victim is a mystery. Perhaps he did it under the guise of phrenology, or possibly he hypnotised his victim. At any rate when Jim left the "pub" after consuming his share of the drinks, he carried quite unwittingly on his head a



Charcoal Portrait of a Man's Face.

The curtain was just rising on the second act when Jim, having resumed his seat, took off his hat, in blissful ignorance of the fact that he was being libellously held up to public derision by the back of his own head. What those behind him saw was a leering, hideous, sarcastic, contemptuous face grinning at them from out of a straggling fringe of hair. The light, reflected from its shining surface, gave it a devilish appearance of beaming satisfaction that was so contagious that those who saw it burst into roars of laughter. Jim's friends were convulsed and grew purple in the face.

"Well, I don't see anything so funny about this play," said Jim to himself; "but I suppose I didn't catch the joke."

Accordingly, not to be left out in the cold, he threw back his head and laughed with the rest of them. It was the worst thing he could have done. His fat neck, pushed up by his collar, moved his scalp, and ripples of uncanny merriment went shimmering over the countenance of his hinder self. The howls that followed this exhibition drew the attention of the whole house to the unfortunate Jim. A man back

of him began choking, and a girl near by became hysterical. The ushers were leaning against the walls, weak and shaken by their paroxysms of laughter. Jim didn't see the point, but as everything seemed to be going along swimmingly on the stage, he laughed with the others. In time the merriment wore itself out, and at the conclusion of the act Jim turned to the artist and said:

"Guess I must be thick-headed to-night. I think I need a little bracin' up. Less-avadrink."

Much of the next act was missed, but the party finally strode in. By this time those on the stage perceived the joke, and lent a hand in making it more humorous, one of the girls, stepping close to the footlights, addressed the victim.

The grotesque grin of Jim's rear view had taken a fresh hold on the spectators. But the unfortunate two-faced man couldn't see the point at all. Moreover, he didn't like to hear the young lady on the stage direct her remarks towards him, and like many other men, Jim assists mental processes by scratching his head. He tried it then, with startling results.

His fingers so adjusted themselves as to alter slightly the charcoal marks on his head. The two corners of the mouth of the countenance were dragged down and one eye was turned upward and outward. When he took his hand down the audience beheld glooming out from his cranium a cross-eyed demon, wearing an expression of meditative melancholy. The howls of laughter that greeted this new manifestation almost brought the play to an end, and they made Jim very tired.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" he hissed, indignantly, at those behind him. Then he turned to his companions, who were holding their sides, and observed:—

"It may be all right, but I can't see anything so dam humorous in a lady singing a simple song. It don't hit me as funny."

Just then a boyish voice from behind piped up:—

"Why don't you turn that picture toward the wall?"

The remark only urged matters, and the house raked and throbbed with merriment. High above the laughter could be heard the voice of Jim, who had suddenly arrived at the conclusion that in the midst of a crowd of lunatics one should not needlessly show one's difference from the others. Therefore he laughed with the rest.

And as Jim laughed and twisted his head about, the face or the bald spot became convulsed with anguish by the movements of the scalp. It was a long time before the house quieted down, and until the drop curtain fell a snicker here and there would testify to some new grimace on the part of Jim's demon. As Jim put on his hat to go out the artist turned to him and said:—

"Well, Jim, what did you think of it?"

"Oh, it's good," said Jim, "very funny. Say, I had to laugh there in the last act. But—er—say, of course it was out of sight—but, you know, some way I couldn't quite catch on—er—I wish one of you fellows would tell me what there was so dam funny about the show, any way. I couldn't see it."

"No, and what's more, you never will see it," responded the artist. "You ain't built that way. In the language of your leisure moments, lessavadrink."

And Jim never will see it, for in the course of that drink the artist wiped it off.

TWO PLAYED THE SAME GAME.

How the Young Pair Felted the Widow.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In Wood Green there is an attractive widow of thirty-five summers who has set her cap up for a bachelor of means, and almost any pleasant evening the couple may be seen at the garden gate in loving embrace speaking words of love. She has a daughter who has attained her sixteenth year, and like most young girls she is courted by a lad who is clerk at a green-grocer's close by. The mother keeps a strict eye out for her offspring, and the young couple have therefore to study ways to elude the widow's watchfulness. They are bound to meet and court each other, and the young lady devised a scheme to outwit the mother. She has attached to the garden gate a string which runs to the drawing room, and now when the young man finds the widow engaged just outside the gate, he slips into the house unawares. Attaching a chair to the end of the string, he is afforded an opportunity of doing his courting without detection, because as the widow attempts to open the gate the chair which is clear of the floor lowers, and quickly detaching the string he makes his exit out of the rear door before the mother enters the front way. It forces the young man and his girl to utilise one chair, but that compulsory measure is just the thing that pleases the young lad. The widow congratulates herself on the fact that she is having her pleasure in ignorance of the daughter.

A STUDENTS' BALL IN PARIS.

An Innovation which was Dazzling to the Spectators and Entrancing to the Participants.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE Rue de Rivoli, which skirts the Louvre—which is to Paris what the hub is to the wheel—ends at the Place du Chatelet, the market section. Here turn sharply to the right, cross the right arm of the Seine, bisect the island, and you find yourself at the entrance of the Latin Quarter. Just across the left arm of the river is the broad Place St. Michel, and in the centre the great bronze fountain with the figure of St. Michael slaying the demon.

From here, if we followed the river to the right, we should find at one end of the quarter the curious square house in which Voltaire died. If we followed it to the left, we should come to the spot where Dante lived in Paris. Midway between them, straight before us as we stand, runs the wide Boulevard St. Michel, as yet scarcely twenty years old, and about which all the life of the quarter tosses. This life crystallises and sparkles in richest hues in the student cafes.

The cafes of the quarter are legion, and the boulevard is fairly lined with them. Of course, the student has his preferences, and three or four are distinctly student haunts. They, however, had an innovation the other night in the shape of a ball, which not only dazzled the spectators but proved entrancing to the participants. Many of the sirens who attended were conspicuous by the abbreviated skirts they wore, and those who did appear in long dresses were not slow in raising them up high enough to give a display which pleased the gilded youth. The hall was quite dark, and in the gallery there was a calcium light which threw out lights of various shades, making it a spectacle of grandeur to the eye witnesses. The sirens were not in any way particular as to how high they raised their feet, whilst the gay young men were positively extravagant with their familiarity with the fairies. Every move either sex made caused the reflection of a shadow on the smooth floor which made many an old man feel as though youth had returned to his system once more. It was a shadow dance, pure and simple, and highly appreciated by all those fond of that which is voluptuous.

PRAYED ON BENDED KNEES FOR ADMISSION.

Their Pals, however, only Smacked Their Lips to Agitate the Feelings of these Barred Out.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ANYTHING you can't get is just what you most desire. It is human nature to want to violate the law, hence the morbid desire to gamble or secure a drink contrary to the law. Close to Westminster there is a small club of limited membership, and in the rooms can be seen most any night a quiet game of cards, but the room where cards are played for money leads off the main or reception-room. It is customary to arrange a card party and monopolise the room set apart to tempt dame fortune. First come first served, and the other night a party of six got possession, and opened up a deal. Several of the inveterate fiends arrived late, and found themselves barred out from the favourite spot. Those who held possession were well equipped with cigars and liquor, and the rattle of the glasses and ivory chips, awakened a desire to participate. One knocked for admission, but his appeal was unheeded. Being practically refused, his companions expressed a desire to join the party, and every time the bottle or glasses clicked it was like prodding the unfortunates with a fork or some sharp instrument. As time dragged along their tongues became parched, and as a desperate resort they got on their knees and besought those inside to open the door. The harder those on the outside appealed the louder those on the inside smacked their lips and enjoyed the discomfiture of their pals. When the last sup had disappeared, and the party about to disperse, the door was opened. Those who were not in the deal now swear vengeance and are waiting for the time to arrive when they can hold the fort.

RAFFLE FOR A SQUAW.

An Incident of Life in the Western Part of the United States.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In some parts of the United States anything in the shape of a female is decidedly scarce, and when a syren appears in that section and possesses elastic ideas of virtue she commands considerable money and does a thriving business. Near Mullen, in Idaho Territory, a publican did a clever stroke of business by securing two squaws and announcing a raffle for them. Cowboys, miners, and soldiers assembled in full force and the betting ran high; both squaws fell to the lots of the cowboys, and they bore away their prizes to the chagrin of the miners.

STEPHEN J. FARRELL.

Yankee Sprinter who has Won a Sheffield and a Manchester Handicap.

(With Portrait.)

STEPHEN J. FARRELL, the Yankee sprinter, has accomplished more than any sprinter that has visited this country of recent years. He has won a Sheffield and proved equally successful in capturing a Manchester £100 handicap.

He was born at Rockville, Connecticut, U.S.A., twenty-nine years ago, stands 5ft 9in, and scales 11st 6lb in running gear. It is ten years ago since he first took to foot-racing as a means of livelihood and attained prominence as a half-mile runner by winning races at that distance in the Eastern States.

Two years later he launched out as a first-class man at all distances ranging from 100 to 1,000 yards, and besides securing first prize in several handicaps, he scored wins in all the races given by the clubs in the Eastern States. At athletic meetings he was pretty sure to get first in the running events, the hurdle races, and made a strong bid for first prizes in broad and high jumps. Being unable to secure an honest race in the States he came to this country in 1889, under the alias of E. Donovan. He was managed, or rather mismanaged, by Mike Finn, who on reaching Sheffield, informed several that Donovan was an assumed name for Farrell, who was here as a "sleeper" to take down the number of the half-milers. It was due to the inflated record Finn gave his man that Farrell was unable to secure the match he most desired. He, therefore, entered for a Sheffield, and in the handicap run on the Queen's Grounds, July 29 of that year, Farrell came forward as a "trier." He held the 88 yards mark, Gent and Grant being the actual scratch men, on the 72½ yard mark, in a 203 yards handicap. Farrell won by three-quarters of a yard, with Jack Haggerty second. Returning to the States he contended with success in open contests during the summer seasons.

Last July Farrell was a competitor in a 100 yards sweepstake race at Goshen, Indiana, for the Championship of America. He accounts for his defeat as follows:—"Mike Finn had the management of the affair and secured 'Cuckoo' Collins as a 'plant.' In firing the pistol for a start Collins got an advantage of three yards, and Tom Morris, a Californian, a yard at least. I overhauled Collins, but was unable to land Morris because the send off he got was too great. I was set on my mark, mind you, both these men were on the go ere the pistol cracked. I run through, but it was like a dying man grasping at a straw. I can beat Morris or anyone Finn can produce, but I can't beat a fast man and the pistol-firer too. People, however, don't go very heavy on him because he has had his fingers in too many deals like that one."

Farrell's last achievement was winning first prize in the Manchester Pedestrian Company's £100 Handicap at Fallowfield on March 23 and 24. In the last heat, which he easily won, he ran 120½ yards inside of even time.

Farrell returns home enriched by close on to £1,000 by his last win. He sails on the Teutonic from Queenstown on April 19. In the meantime he will devote his time to sightseeing in the land where the shamrock grows.

A FEMALE SMUGGLER CAPTURED.

New York Inspectors Enter Her Apartments and get a Rich haul.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A New York correspondent writes:—"Inspectors Scally and Curtis, of the special agents' office at the Custom House, made one of the largest seizures of smuggled jewellery March 20, that has been recorded for more than a year. Experts are at work appraising the goods, and, although they have not finished their work, they estimate the value of the lot at more than 10,000dols. The seizure comprises diamond earrings, finger rings brooches, diamond-studded chatelaines, watches, diamond-studded umbrella handles, &c. The jewels in the several settings consist of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. They were taken from the apartments of Mme. Weill de Bonilla, who is at the Hotel Martin, in University Place.

"She was a passenger on La Bretagne. How she passed the Custom inspector at the pier without having her trunk containing the jewellery detained is a matter that Collector Kilberth is now investigating.

"The special agents, it is said, had information that Mme. de Bonilla would be a passenger in La Bretagne, and would have between 10,000dols and 20,000dols worth of jewellery in her possession.

"The Madame, when questioned by the boarding officer, declared she had nothing dutiable. The special agents kept their eyes open at the pier to see if the inspector at the pier would let the baggage go through. They waited until she got settled in the hotel, and in the evening entered her sleeping room, and made a search which resulted in the rich capture."

LIQUOR RIOTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Police Resort to the Use of Firearms for Self-protection.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ACCORDING to the latest telegrams, the situation in South Carolina remains unchanged, but Columbia, Darlington, and Florence counties are practically under martial law. Four of the new State liquor dispensaries at Charleston are guarded by detachments of strongly-armed police. The Governor's future course is awaited with much interest, as he is expected to adopt radical measures.

Much apprehension is felt as regards the inquest on the bodies of the detectives killed at Darlington, as it is feared that, if any of the constables appear to give evidence, the militia will be unable to save them from the vengeance of the people. The insurance companies are cancelling the policies for the "dispensaries," as they are afraid that they may be destroyed.

Governor Tillman, addressing the militia at Columbia, vehemently declared that he would assume charge of the police of the State and enforce the new law at all hazards. "It is on the statute books," the Governor continued, "and as Governor I have sworn that the laws shall be respected until they are repealed. So help me, God, I will exert all my power to enforce them. Although some of the militia have refused to obey orders, there are still enough who will obey. The opponents of the law must submit to the rule of the majority. My life has been threatened, but I have no fear, and I will convolve the Legislature if further power is necessary." The troops received the Governor's speech with cheers. In one of the raids the police shot at the people in a promiscuous way, and it resulted in several deaths. The citizens are determined to avenge the death of those shot down by the police.

CRIME AND DESTITUTION IN AUSTRALIA.

ADVICES from Australia show an alarming increase in casualties, crimes, and acute distress. The police are unable to cope with desperate housebreakers, who swarm in the large cities. A few that have been arrested give as an excuse that famine drove them to deeds of violence. Several of the policemen attacked by burglars at Sydney are dying. The survivors have been promoted and given bonuses by Sir George Gibbs.

On one day last week at Sydney, besides a score of petty robberies, the City Hospital was robbed of all its valuables by nurses; Mercedie & Drew, manufacturers, were robbed of £10,000 by employees; F. Coxon, merchant, was robbed by an employee of a large sum. Three young women succeeded in passing a number of counterfeit checks. Charles Graham, a post-office clerk, embezzled £40 from the post-office.

The Government's claim is that the unemployed problem is too complicated to solve. In Sydney £100 each week is spent in aiding 500 families. Five thousand men in South Australia have asked the Governor to call a special session of Parliament to discuss means to aid them. The Governor refused. Then they waited on Premier Kingston, but the Premier would promise nothing. He told them that though they were in want of food, they had refused to break a yard and a half of rock per week for rations, and he could do no more. The delegation said they would not break rock for food alone.

Thousands are sleeping in the open air, and several have starved to death. At Bourke, Afghans and Europeans quarrelled over a division of labour, and a bloody row occurred. The most tragic suicides out of ninety-eight in one week, directly the result of hard times, are:—F. W. Wilson, the biscuit manufacturer of Brisbane, shot himself; William O'Connor, lodger in the European Hotel, Melbourne, jumped from the fourth storey and dashed his brains out on the pavement; Kate Brooks, a pretty English girl, starving, got drunk and killed herself with poison; Joseph Bancroft, a miner out of work, said good-by to his family, and exploded a cart-ridge in his mouth.

PAID THE PENALTY WITH HIS LIFE.

A Hotel-keeper Holding an Englishman for Ransom is Caught, Dragged up a Mountain-side, and Shot.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A Mexican hotel-keeper, who recently held an Englishman for ransom (a full account of which appeared in our last issue), was caught by the Government troops. They tied a rope about his body, hitching the end to a horse. The animal was raced up the mountains, dragging the victim fully a mile. When released he was hardly able to stand, being frightfully bruised and mutilated. The troops completed their punishment by shooting the wretch down like a dog.

ARTHUR CALLAN.

Clever 9st 6lb Pugilist Open to All Comers.

(With Portrait.)

ARTHUR CALLAN, the clever 9st 6lb pugilist, of Wood Green, was born at Kingsland, London district, 35 years ago, and stands 5 feet 5½ inches. His first essay in boxing was a contestant in a local 1st competition, which he won, defeating G. Pritchard in the final bout. He won a similar competition at the Market House, Islington, and then met and defeated J. Hedges, at Wood Green, in four rounds. Maurice Gordon, of St. Luke's, fell before Callan in forty rounds, and Paddy McNamara met the same fate on two occasions—one in three rounds, and the second in two and a half rounds. At the defunct Pelican Club he beat Harry Mack, of Bethnal Green, in six rounds; and J. Gover twice, the first in twenty rounds, and the second time in twelve rounds. He beat W. Day, of Hackney, twice; Joe Lambert twice; and then met Arthur Valentine at the National Sporting Club. The latter won, it being Callan's first set back; he, however, again met Valentine at the Goodwin Gymnasium, and also at Swindon, but it was not until they fought at the National the second time that Callan secured a victory in ten rounds. His last contest was at the Raglan Music Hall against Harry Spurden at 9st. Callan trained too fine and was beaten. Callan has beaten H. Woods, of Bethnal Green, for £40, and scored three victories over Morris Phillips. In the 9st 6lb competition given by the Thames Rowing Club, Callan won, defeating H. Webster in the final bout. He is not by any means a clever boxer, but possesses determination, and depends upon rugged fighting for success. He is prepared to accommodate anyone at 9st 6lb for a purse and a reasonable side wager.

RIOT IN PENNSYLVANIA COKE DISTRICT.

Two Workmen Killed—The Police Shoot Down Rioters Like Dogs.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CABLEGRAM from New York City says:—"The strike among the foreign hands employed in the coke trade in Western Pennsylvania has assumed a more serious aspect, and outbreaks have occurred at various places in the district. Two men who were supposed to have continued at work were assaulted by the strikers and beaten to death. Women are assisting the rioters, who are armed with various weapons, and have generally succeeded in their attempts to stop work at the different plants in the districts, all the establishments south of Connellsville having ceased work. At one of the plants, however, the strikers were met with opposition from the armed deputy-sheriffs, who fired on them, and mortally wounded one of their number, a Hungarian. The sheriff is swearing in deputies.

"A mob of men attacked the works of Messrs. H. C. Frick and Company at Davidson owing to the workers refusing to leave. The chief engineer, Mr. Paddock, was killed by a heavy blow from a stone, which struck him on the head. In the end the rioters were repulsed, and made off.

"Sixty Hungarian women, carrying all kinds of weapons, attacked a plant near Alverton and drove the workers away, injuring several; they found a Russian labourer near one of the works, and assuming him to be a blackleg they attacked him in a most ferocious manner, inflicting injuries from which he has since died. It was tardily discovered that the unfortunate man was both a unionist and a striker. At Scottsdale the sheriff's constables failing to induce a riotous mob of strikers to disperse opened fire with their revolvers, killing one man and wounding several others. Riots of a less serious character have occurred throughout the coke region of Pennsylvania, and it is feared that order will not be restored without the assistance of the State militia, and possibly of the Federal forces."

"I WILL SWING FOR HER."

Langford's Mad Freak in the Streets at Liverpool.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A SHOCKING affair took place, April 3, in Cockerell Street, Liverpool. John Langford, 40, a baker, who has three children, aged 15, 13, and 10, had been living four years with a woman named Elizabeth Stephen, aged 25. The woman appears to have given way to drink, and to have pawned the man's property, Langford on returning from a night's work found the woman drinking in a public-house. He struck her, and she ran away. Langford followed her and stabbed her in the breast, and then cut her throat. He afterward cut his own throat, and fell across the woman's body, crying, "Let me kiss her, I will swing for her." They were both removed to the Stanley Hospital. The woman is not expected to survive, but the man will probably recover.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

"WHAT'S the subject at the debating club to-night?"

"We are going to try to find out which is the most astonished—a sixteen-year-old girl when a man of fifty proposes to her, or the man when she refuses him."

"Are you still working for the drapers firm?" asked one very young man of another.

"No. I am not working for them. I am now in their employ. My salary has been raised from 30s. a week to £2."

"There's an act of affection," said young Jimpsy as he imprinted a kiss upon her coral lips.

"The really best plays have three acts, George," said the fair young woman, looking up at him without blinking.

GATLEIGH: "Cheer up old man, don't be downhearted; remember 'everything goes' in this world."

Sadleigh: "That's just the trouble; everything goes and nothing comes in."

PATERFAMILIAS: "Have you any prospects of being able to properly support my daughter?"

Youthful Suitor: "Oh, yes. In fact, I might say that everything in that respect is purely prospective."

CAMILLE: "Walter, what would you do if I were to die?"

Walter: "Bury you, my love!"

MISS PRIMS: "Did you ever find a man under your bed at night?"

Mrs. Soak: "Quite often. That is my husband's favourite haunt."

ISAAC: "O, Rachel, I am going to be sick again."

Rachel: "Vy, Isaac? How do you know?"

Isaac: "Dish vos von of dose table d'hote places vere you pay fifty cents for vot you eat, and I'll have to overeat myself to get the vort of my money."

HZ: "I suppose you are now beginning to think of the things you will wear next summer."

She: "No. I am trying to decide on all the things I shall not need to wear."

SHZ: "Papa appears to have been much struck by you."

He: "Yes, I fancy I landed on him a few times."

TURBY: "A great many girls carry their money in their stockings nowadays."

Clubby: "Good Heavens! Think of the joys of being a burglar."

Mrs. Jax: "Didn't I see you at the theatre last night with your husband?"

Mrs. Dux: "Yes, my lover has the gripe."

INDIANS AND COWBOYS.

A Fight in the Indian Territory, Which Terminated Fatally to a Dozen Participants.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An encounter occurred the other day in the Indian territory between a band of Indian raiders and a party of cowboys, which resulted in the death of eight of the red men and four cowboys.

The Indians made a raid on a ranch in the territory, and were promptly repulsed by the cowboys herding the cattle. Shots were exchanged which brought down eight Indians, two dropping almost side by side.

A telegram from El Reno, Oklahoma, states that, according to further reports received there, the fighting between Indians and cowboys still continues, and the troops sent to quell the disorders have also been engaged. Fourteen soldiers and settlers have been killed or wounded and twenty-eight Indians have been killed. The sheriffs of two counties have gone with their posses to assist the settlers. The soldiers are from Fort Reno.

The scene of the disturbances is situated on the borders of the Indian territory, and in the Oklahoma territory.

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TOOK A SUP OF WHISKY, TOO.

PEOPLE don't always practise what they preach, and clergymen are no exception to the rule. Speaking to a well-known chemist the other day, he said: "Most people like a little whisky, and I don't make many exceptions. I had one queer customer, but I never gave him away. He was a clergyman in high standing, and almost a fanatical Prohibitionist. He would buy a quart bottle of whiskey about every ten days from me and always had it put in a peculiar bottle of his own. Ostensibly he bought it for lung troubles, as he coughed occasionally. To the whisky I always had to add sixpence worth of rock candy, threepence worth of glycerine, and a little quinine, but not enough of the latter to make it bitter, and after awhile I omitted the quinine. Well, whisky, glycerine, and sugar is an imaginary remedy for colds, but it is a powerful good drink. My reverend friend's lung troubles continued for years. He is still afflicted, and still takes the same remedy. Otherwise he is a man in perfect health, and his lung trouble will never kill him."

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"Mrs. L. M."

"County Terrace Street, London, S.E.,
"January 18, 1894.

"My Dear Madame,—Accept my sincere thanks. The Pills have done all I wished for, and I have been relieved of four months' agony of mind. Please send me a 7s. 6d. bottle for a friend of mine. P.O. enclosed.—Truly yours,
"Miss A. W."

"Queen's Hotel, Southsea, January 19, 1894.
"Dear Madame,—Since writing for another box of Pills the desired result has been brought about, for which I do most heartily thank you. Best wishes. Hoping your firm will soon be better known.—Yours faithfully,
"Miss P. L."

"Frederick Street, St. John's Wood,
"January 20, 1894.

"Dear Madame,—For the third time your Elixir has proved a grand success. What time and money poor women like myself would save if they did but come to you first!—Very sincerely,
"Madame J. de F."

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"Mrs. F."

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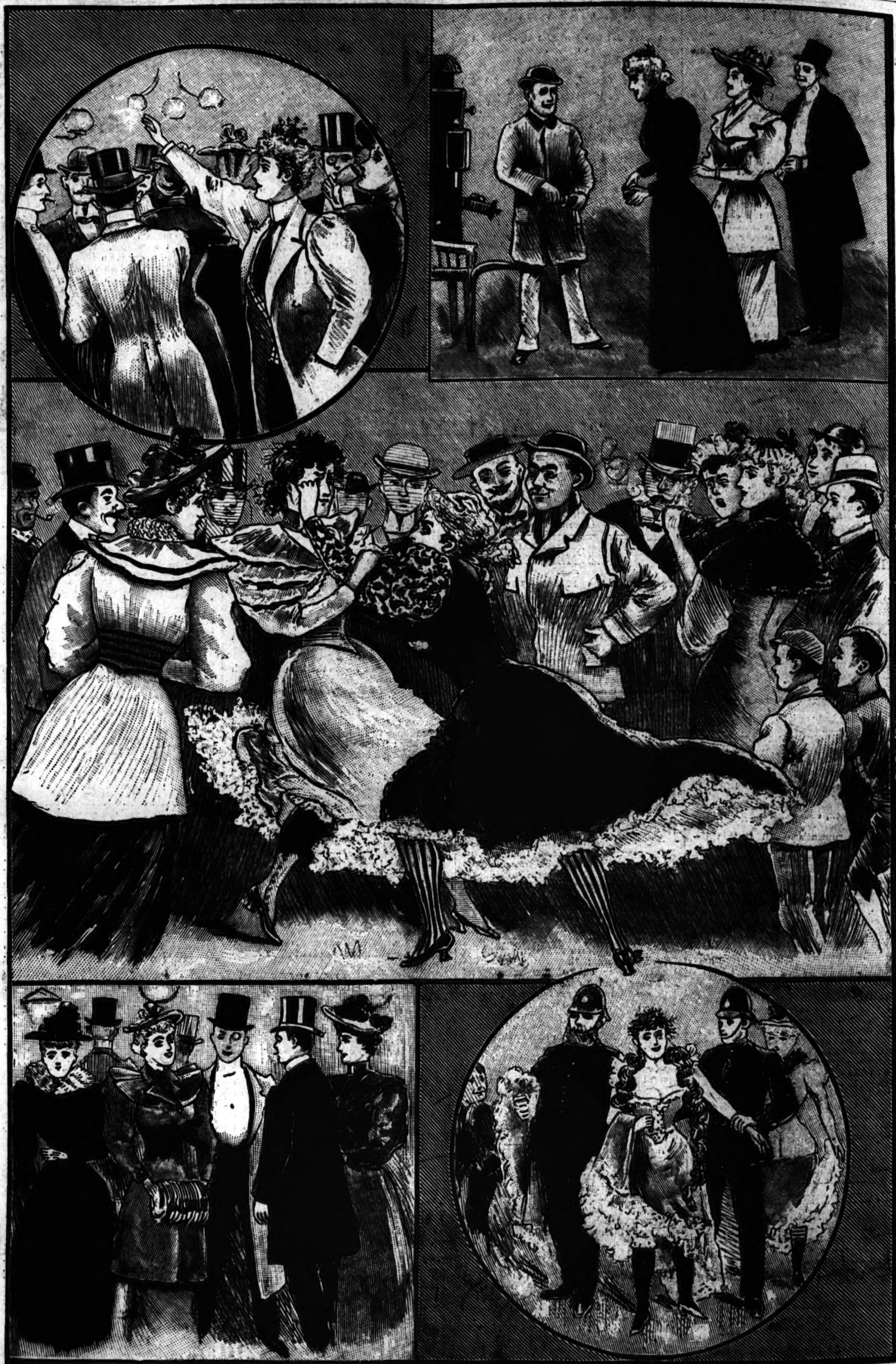
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